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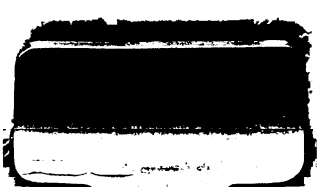

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MARVELOUS EVIDENCE.

OR

Price 50 Cts

A WITNESS FROM THE GRAVE.

(OCCULT)

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Bates, Thomas H.

Marvelous Evidence

OR

WITNESS FROM THE GRAVE

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

Narrative of Thrilling Interest, Astounding Incident and Climax.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOK DEALERS.

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MAIN

PREFACE.

"Whence comes this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?"—CATO.

Does the longing of the human soul make possible, in the operation of nature's laws, the development of certain phenomena which tends still more to strengthen the belief of those who maintain that there is a life beyond the grave? The mass of evidence now collected of psychological manifestations in many parts of the world, startles the human understanding and shakes confidence in human statement of the weird scenes and incidents vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses.

Does the hope that springs eternal in the human breast, through all the ages, exert a silent influence upon the mysterious laws governing the universe till, by the very force of man's longing, his prayers have brought forth the evidence that tells him he hoped not in vain? Who is bold enough to say that such things

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cannot be, and that the scalpel dissects all there is in the chemistry of matter? The force of the human mind is incalculable, as it reaches out beyond the physical realm and attempts to measure the power of the Infinite. It is hoped that the incidents related herein may stimulate inquiry in the direction of psychological phenomena, and create a more general interest in the subject than at present exists.

The perusal of the following pages will suggest to many the beautiful lines of Emerson:

> If the red slayer thinks he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep and pass and turn again.

THE AUTHOR.

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Marvelous Evidence

PART FIRST.

The best wisdom of the ages has been given to the investigation of the occult and the esoteric In every land and under every sun the yearnings of the children of men have ever been for a solution of that momentous question as to whether there is a life beyond the grave. Theology at best gives but a hope, and says faith will do everything.

The certainty of things spiritual, no matter under what auspices they may be presented, with force and eloquence, to the mental view, when not accompanied with proof as clear as the rays of a noonday sun, leaves reason in doubt.

Such, in brief, is the best that theology holds out to the anxious inquirer. Faith, we are told, is the anchor of our salvation; yet faith proves its inefficiency in countless ways in the affairs of life. How many there are who, having

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staked their all on the certainty of an expected result, meet with nothing but disappointment!

It would be a bold position indeed for any hazardous pioneer in the realms of occultism to venture the declaration that the human soul has countless lives and deaths, each evolving to a higher condition, but never reaching perfection.

This condition would link the two spectres, Life and Death, in indissoluble union, for wherever one would be its antithesis would be also; each contributing to the glory of the other, and adding to the supernal happiness of the human soul. This definition of eternal life is in harmony with the accepted principles of evolution, and more rationalistic than the dogma of anquity that teaches a metamorphosis from grossness and ignorance to the culmination of spiritual purity after death.

As an eminent writer has said: "We are blazing a way through a forest as yet little traveled; the trees we mark will be of value to those who some day will build a noble highway." The incidents I am about to relate, marvelous as they will appear, are as true in circumstance and detail as it is possible to relate them; they

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extend throughout a period of thirty years, and were portents sometimes in the midst of a storm on the ocean or in the trackless forest far away from civilization or in the quietness of domestic life in the city. Under all these conditions the senses have been appealed to, to verify the presence of the unseen. These phenomena, interposing at times between the subject of this sketch and apparent certain death, might be considered marvelous.

The multitude of opinions advanced by professors of physiology and psychology to account, by unconscious cerebration, malobservation and various other reasons, why it is that weird spectres, premonitions and other phenomena of extraordinary character occur to the astonished beholder, are, at best, but speculative, when arrayed against the crucial test of demonstrable proof. I mention this as a corollary to what I shall say further on, it being applicable to the sources from which the public seek light upon this most vital of all questions.

The physicists and metaphysicians have failed in determining the true source of super-

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natural phenomena, all other statements to the contrary notwithstanding. We will venture a suggestion, and it is this: that all matter, constantly undergoing change, is bringing into existence new elements of dynamics; and why may not spirit be one of those elements, the product of eternal change of matter expanding and refining?

Hence we hold that the soul of man is an entity, a distinct, individualized intelligence, subject to the laws and conditions of natural progress; a glowing ember, as it were, from the forge of the infinite workshop, so to speak; a spark from the anvil of God.

In the city of New York, in the year 1866, at a house in First Avenue, about ten o'clock in the evening, were three young men whose ages were seventeen, nineteen and twenty respectively. They had been reared in what might be called the middle condition of life, and were of sturdy constitutions, just a type of American youths who are adapted to the vicissitudes of an adventurous career. They had been discussing, in the manner of boys, the varying fortunes that

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a voyage to sea might bring to them. Buoyant with the hope of youth, and fearless in tempting Fate, one of the youths picked up a newspaper and read from its pages the following:

"Wanted, a second steward. Apply 'City of Bombay,' clipper ship, Pier 46, East River. Destination, Liverpool. Sails Tuesday, 5 P. M."

The reading of the advertisement acted like an electric shock upon the elder of the boys, who at once announced his intention of applying for the place the following day, the others agreeing to accompany him.

On the following day the three met again by appointment, and, while discussing the probable chances of the applicant, descanted on the dangers of ocean travel, the uncertainty of storms and tempests, and the yawning gulf whose cavernous depths make sepulture for the millions that have traversed its bosom. A bond of strong fellowship, love and affection existed between the three boys from the fact that they were cousins and schoolmates. The younger of the three asked, as a privilege, that he might be allowed the first chance to ship if he would be accepted.

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This proposal was declined by the other two from the fact that the younger one was the idol of his grandmother, and the only child of his deceased mother. Keeping up a conversation of a very animated nature while wending their way to the dock where the object of their search lay safely moored, the quality of talk embraced every department of marine architecture from the laying of the kelson to the rigging of a jury rudder, the reefing of a sky royal with the wind running forty knots, to running a lanyard through the eye of a reefing block. Brimful of hope, and overflowing with youthful ambition, the three reached the dock at which the "City of Bombay" lay moored. Without asking the watchman for permission to board the vessel, the three youths strode the gang plank, and the next moment were soon in search of the author of the advertisement.

The presence of the boys being noticed by the steward, that official came forward, divining the object of their visit, and, being pleased with the appearance of the elder boy, engaged him for a period of six months. The following day the vessel was to sail, according to schedule, and the

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three young men hurried to shore, to provide for the voyage of the one who was about to sail.

While on the way to that portion of the city where sailors' supplies are to be found, a stranger accosted them with the proposal to take two of them to sea as ordinary seamen, if they would agree to go at once, as the steamship "Mariposa," of the Morgan line, was about to sail for New Orleans, and if they would go at once, the vessel would sail within the next hour, as it was only the want of a full complement of men that occasioned the delay.

Without making any further preparation, the two young men accepted the offer, and repaired at once to the dock where the ship was ready to leave on the arrival of those who were to make up the crew.

Now, there is nothing of special interest in all this narrative, except for the purpose of making known the fact that the younger and the elder of the boys were devotedly attached to each other. This attachment dated back from the time when they were mere children, when the elder, by an accident, seriously burned the

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younger; and thus a bond of sympathy had been established between them at an early age. To this incident, we shall say, is owing the fact that the principal in this narrative has been made the witness of some marvelous phenomena. The dreams of De Quincy, with his brain steeped in the fumes of opiates, scenes of celestial grandeur painted from fancy's easel, and the throbbing pulse of imagination's quickened power, are lost in comparison.

Swedenborg's Arcana of Nature, with its glowing descriptions of joys celestial, transports indescribable, pictures of happiness and woe in realms beyond the confines of physical communion, are in themselves marvels of the power and imagery of the human mind, but they lack that one essential of which mention was previously made—to establish their identity in another sphere, and the actuality of their existence, proved beyond all shadow of doubt. It is the absence of proof to substantiate the claims alluded to in the writings of Swedenborg, which places them all in the region of the visionary.

Prior to taking leave of each other, the elder of the three boys called the youngest aside, and,

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taking from beneath his shirt an Agnus Dei, placed it around the neck of the youth, telling him at the same time to wear it till next they should meet; and if they never met again on earth, the emblem, perhaps, might be the means of identifying the wearer should any calamity overtake him.

The Agnus Dei is a Catholic emblem commemorative of the Lamb of God, and is worn by many adherents of that religion. It was about the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and had worked in the fibre of the receptacle containing the picture of the Madonna the name of the mother of the youth who had just then received it. This incident should be kept in mind, as it will prove of especial interest to the reader as the events in the following pages are unfolded.

The steamship "Mariposa" cut loose her fastenings and sailed away to her destination, New Orleans, taking with her a large number of passengers. Many of these had been fugitives from the South, but who, now that the war was ended, were returning to the home from which they had sought an asylum.

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The following day found the elder of the boys, whom we will call Harry, on board the "City of Bombay," he having been indentured to serve on board that ship. In taking this step he little dreamed of the strange events with which he would soon be associated: a voice from another world warning him, both on land and sea, and enabling him to avert calamities which were otherwise inevitable.

The passage to Liverpool by the "City of Bombay" was made in forty-two days. This being Harry's first voyage to sea, he suffered all the miseries of that dreadful malady, sea-sickness, but no incident of any note occurred during the passage. Harry, however, was in anything but a pleasant state of mind; for he was always thinking of those he left behind, especially his two cousins. He would have liked to know at times whether they were passing through the same ordeal as he was, and if so, whether their ardor for a seafaring life had undergone a change, and their hopes of future greatness blasted by Neptune's fierce warfare with their stomachs; or whether the belaying pin or rope's end in the hands of some brutal

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officer had made them regret their adventurous spirit. These and kindred thoughts were ever flitting through his brain as he scrubbed the pans and spread the table-cloth for the banquets of the sons of the sea. He longed for the return voyage, and to meet again with his cousins that they might compare notes and relate their experiences of life on the ocean. But Harry's hopes of meeting with his cousins were doomed to disappointment, for he never again saw them in the flesh and be certain of their identity, as the sequel will show.

On the evening of the forty-first day the vessel entered the mouth of the river Mersey, having been previously taken in tow by one of the powerful tugs that are ever on the alert for the ensign of Uncle Sam. On the forty-second day the hawsers were made fast to the granite moorings of the splendidly appointed Queen's Dock of South Liverpool.

The historic city of Liverpool, with its grand and imposing architecture and lofty spires, can never be effaced from the memory, especially of one who has seen it for the first time in early

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youth. What most impressed Harry was the architectural beauty of the churches and cathedrals, ornamented as they were with statues of chaste marble, and the walls adorned with fretwork and fillagree in stone of exquisite beauty and finish.

The cargo was one of general merchandise, consigned to Holborn & Son, Tyburn street. The agent was at the pier as the vessel swung alongside, and he had already perfected arrangements for the unloading of the vessel with the greatest possible dispatch. And here let us observe that the methods and facilities of the English stevedores in the loading and unloading of large ships are much superior to those of New York. In four days the vessel was discharged of two thousand eight hundred tons, and was again ready for cargo. This is much more rapid work than any like service ever performed in New York; the reason, perhaps, being because there is less political interference or more harmony between employer and employed. However, whatever the cause, the system is reduced to a science and works without jar or

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confusion, the greatest cordiality existing among all concerned.

After a delay of fourteen days, and being unable to procure a cargo, the ship took on ballast. The agent advertised for emigrants, four hundred and eighty of whom took passage for New York. Twenty-eight days after the arrival of the "City of Bombay" she was again ready to slip cable for her return voyage, the vessel being in good order, having been dry-docked shortly before leaving New York.

Bunks were arranged along the sides of the ship between decks for the accommodation of the emigrants. Partitions separated the men from the women, except in the case of families, who were allowed to remain together. The day on which the ship was advertised to sail the dock was crowded with the friends of the emigrants, many of whom were destined to take a last farewell of the land of their birth, to seek better fortune in a foreign country. Many pitiful scenes were enacted between the departing ones and their friends and relatives; brothers and sisters fondly clasped each other in perhaps,

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in many cases, the last embrace; mothers wept at the sundering of the ties that robbed them of all the joys of life; while the younger ones made merry in the anticipation of the golden opportunities the new land of freedom held out to the industrious. The bell rings, the signal for all to go ashore who are not passengers. The captain having given a transcript of the ship's manifest to the customs officers, the tug makes fast her hawsers, and the ship moves slowly outward amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and hats and the God-speeds of the friends of the emigrants.

Our young friend Harry was now in the exuberance of delight at the prospect of returning home, and the expectancy of meeting with his cousins, who he was sure would be there to welcome him on his arrival. Having now no fear of sea-sickness, he looked forward to the pleasures he would enjoy on his homeward voyage, with the companionship of the passengers, whose acquaintance he would cultivate, and perhaps result in future friendship.

These and kindred thoughts buoyed up his spirits, till he came to the conclusion that a sea-

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faring life was not such a hardship after all. For two days and nights the tug remained with the "City of Bombay." The barometer indicating the approach of a stiff westerly wind, the captain gave orders to cast loose, the yards being set and the sails adjusted to catch the on-coming breeze. A parting salute was given to the men on the tug, and the good ship bore away to the "land of the brave and the home of the free."

Eighteen days passed, and no clouds darkened the horizon on this memorable voyage; but on the nineteenth day forebodings of a storm became apparent. The gloomy and threatening aspect of the clouds, the increasing fury of the waves and the distant peals of thunder betokened the war of the mighty forces of the elements. All this contributed toward heightening the apprehensions of the now thoroughly alarmed passengers, and even the captain and crew were uneasy as to the probable outcome. The barometer continued to fall as the noble ship scudded along under a fifteen-knot breeze, and the storm, like an avenging fury, hastened in her wake as though her destruction were decreed every moment.

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Captain Ayers, cool as an iceberg in an arctic floe, called the first officer and told him to awake the after watch (that division of the crew off duty), to take in all sail, trice the yards, and make all fast in preparation for the storm. In the next few minutes the yards were manned, every seaman bending to his work as though the execution of the order depended upon his individual exertions. On came the storm, lashing the ocean into indescribable majesty of wrath, the tumultuous waves seeming to defy human power. The wind among the ropes and masts screeched with a wailing and dirge-like sound, and the sublimity and grandeur of the spectacle appalled even the bravest hearts.

Now the stout vessel, like a gladiator with arms down, awaits the onslaught. In an instant her bow was high out of the water, carried on the impetus of a wave, while her stern is deep down in the trough of the sea, till she was almost perpendicular; the next moment her position is reversed as though she would pierce the bowels of the ocean a thousand fathoms deep with one huge dive, and ever and anon the

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combat waxes, each succeeding moment threatening to be the last.

At midnight of the twentieth day the storm gave no sign of abating, the sky being inky dark, but at intervals rent in twain by flashes of lightning, disclosing for the moment the fleecy white and purity of the calm and peaceful splendor of the world beyond.

At the commencement of the storm the hatches were all nailed down and seamen placed to guard the companion ways (exits between the decks) to keep the passengers below, and out of the way of the seamen, a precaution absolutely necessary for the safety of all concerned.

Harry's duty frequently called him below during the storm to minister to the sick, and contribute such little delicacies as the ship could afford to those who were suffering in body or mind. It was then he noticed the abject fear of man in the presence of death, and how his inner conscience illuminated the dark places in his heart, as in terror he prostrated himself at the sound of the fury of the storm against the sides of the ark that sheltered him. How instinct-

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ively he sought the aid of a higher power to come to his rescue!

Every man, woman and child was crying and praying, believing that every moment would be their last; and yet, in the midst of this solemn scene, often was Harry provoked to laughter until at times he was in danger at the hands of the terrorized suppliants for his impiety. Their (to him) grotesque and ludicrous invocations plainly indicated how near a man is to insanity in the presence of great bodily fear.

Were some of the sayings and incidents of those memorable nights to be recounted it would be seen how close together frequently are the sublime and the ludicrous.

On the twenty-third night the storm had subsided to an appreciable degree, giving evidence that the ship had passed through the worst, and might expect soon to be again in placid waters. Harry was called below to attend to a sick passenger, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and as he emerged from his stateroom he distinctly heard the discharge of a volley of musketry, and simultaneously with it the cry "Agnus Dei!" as though a soul were about to leave the body.

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The discharge of the pieces and the voice appeared to come from within six feet of where he was about to descend the stairs to the middle deck. There was no mistaking the cry as that of one in great distress, and believing that a suicide had been committed below, he hastened to ascertain the cause, and to his astonishment, found every one as ignorant as himself, though all with whom he spoke said they heard the discharge and cry. He reported the circumstance to the officer on watch, who also said he heard the incidents as related above, but declined to say anything further on the matter, and cautioned Harry to say nothing about it to the crew.

The ensuing morning found the sea becalmed, and a feeling of security overspread the countenances of every one on board. The white sails again were spread out on the arms of the staunch clipper, and, the wind freshening up, away she bolled in gallant fashion over that mighty ocean, that but shortly before threatened to engulf all hands.

The day was spent by some in singing and making merry, whilst others continued to offer

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prayers to Providence for what seemed a miraculous deliverance; but with Harry the omen of the night, for such we will call it, awoke a feeling of uneasiness. He would ask himself a thousand questions. What could it mean? Was it really a voice? Did it not say distinctly "Agnus Dei?" Then the report of firearms—surely this had some significance! But to whom could he speak of it? The chief officer had forbidden him; and why did he? Was it an omen with which he was familiar, or had it a significance to him of which he fain would be silent? Such was the character of the thoughts constantly passing through his brain.

The twenty-sixth night found him with his work completed at an early hour, for it was his custom to go below and comingle with the passengers in their amusements, but this evening he concluded to seek rest in sleep, and for that purpose retired at an early hour. After arranging his berth, he disrobed and prepared for a much-needed rest, of which he had been deprived during the dreadful nights of the storm.

His eyes had scarcely closed in slumber, when he heard again the ominous musketry, and, rais-

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ing himself on one elbow, heard his name coupled with the words "Agnus Dei." Instantly his memory brought before him the picture of his cousin, on whose neck he had placed the religious symbol before sailing for New Orleans, and divining at once that some calamity had befallen him, arose and made a memorandum.

The narrative here related, incredible as it may seem, will, further on, demonstrate itself by the sequence of events that followed, showing conclusively that the human soul, or spirit, has the form of a human body. That it dwells in and animates the natural body while the latter lives, and that the spirit of man is such a perfectly organized body in the human form that when the natural body dies, the spirit again will never need its ministrations, showing evidently that death is but a step into life. We are forced to this conclusion from the many incidents that occurred, all being connected, and associated for a specific purpose bearing upon the one referred to before.

The remainder of the voyage to Harry was a matter of deep anxiety, so absorbed had he been

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in the occurrences related, and he longingly looked for the day when he would land in New York, and settle the question forever concerning the fate of his cousins. The weather being all that could be desired, the ship sped along towards its destination. The thirtieth day found them in the path of the Arctic floe, where huge mountains of ice find their way into the open sea, greatly to the danger of passing vessels; one of these was barely escaped, owing to the negligence of one of the seamen whose duty it was to signal the approach of anything in the line of the ship's course. This second danger came near costing the seaman his life, as the officer of the deck beat him cruelly, in addition to placing him in irons till arrival in New York.

The thirty-sixth day, according to the ship's reckoning, everybody was on the lookout for land, which could not be far off, as the sails of the pilot boats were in sight, which revived the drooping spirits of many an anxious passenger. One of the boats signalled, "Do you want a pilot?" The answer being in the affirmative, the

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next hour found the new commander in charge, and all the passengers busily arranging their effects to be in readiness to disembark upon arrival in New York. The following morning came the gladsome news that was so long looked for, when the man on the lookout sang out, "Land Ho." "Where away?" cried the officer of the deck. "Two points to the windward, sir," came back the answer. Instantly every eye was strained in the direction indicated, and, sure enough, there was the dim outline of land so many hearts sighed for.

Thirty hours more, and the ship is being towed into the bay of Gotham, where she is boarded by the customs and health officers, and the following day the passengers are permitted to land in Castle Garden, the sanitary and other conditions of the vessel being reported on favorably.

About a week after the docking of the vessel, Harry visited his grandmother to inquire about his cousins, and to hear from them the result of their sea experience. But what was his astonishment to hear that no word had ever been re-

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ceived from them since their departure, his grandmother having sad forebodings that nothing would ever be heard from them, except it came through the voice of the dead; "for," said she, "I have, on several occasions, heard the strangest noises in my room, that have startled me by their repeated similarity. I dislike to communicate my fears to the neighbors, lest they should think I am giving evidence of insanity; but I cannot dispel from my mind, now that you are here, that something dreadful has happened to William and his brother John."

"May I ask, dear grandmother, on what you base your fears?"

"Well, about ten days ago, or thereabouts, I was nervously agitated by hearing, as I thought, the sound of a number of rifles at midnight in my room, and immediately after a cry that sounded to me like the words 'Agnus Dei.' At first I thought it was a street broil, and the voice calling the name of some one mixed up in it; but the second or third night the incident was repeated identically as it occurred the first time. I am sure that something dreadful has

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happened, or I should have heard of your cousins before this. The vessel has returned, but they were not with it, for the purser called to tell me that they left at New Orleans, and of their whereabouts he had no knowledge."

The moment his grandmother related this startling circumstance he at once referred to his memorandum.

"When your fears were aroused did you make any note of the time?"

"No, I was too much alarmed; but I remember the clock striking two immediately after."

The memorandum was again referred to, and revealed the identity of the time and circumstance as noted down by Harry in mid-ocean.

Not wishing to alarm his grandmother by adding to her fears, Harry decided to return to the ship and inform the captain that he wished to be absolved from his agreement, adding that he did not expect any compensation for his services. He explained, however, to the captain his reasons for making the request; and the captain, after listening to his story, acquiesced, and at the same time amply rewarded him.

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Harry, having occasion to go as far as Poughkeepsie on a visit to a relative, took leave of his grandmother, telling her he would return in a few days, and continue the search for his cousins. A week after he returned to New York, and again called upon his grandmother, who appeared to be more composed in mind than when he left her. He greeted her, saying, "How is this, grandmother? I find you more composed in mind than when I left you; you have heard good news?"

"Why, yes; who do you suppose was here yesterday?"

"I'll not hazard a guess."

"Why, your cousins; they walked in upon me, and appeared to be so glad to get back to New York. They told me they had had a great time down in Mexico soldiering for Maximilian; that they tired of the sea when they reached New Orleans, and fell in with a recruiting party, who offered them $1000 each if they would enlist under Maximilian. So, in company with others, they went, and expressed great surprise at not finding you here. They are going to return

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again in company with a Spanish priest, who is with them, and who, they say, is devotedly attached to them. I expect they will return soon, as they are in the company of the priest, who is acting in some capacity for the government. They are so anxious to see you."

At the recital of this story Harry felt embarrassed, for he had his own misgivings, not wishing to reveal them. He was sitting directly opposite a looking-glass during the conversation, when he saw reflected in the mirror a small piece of cloth cut in the form of a heart, and suspended by a silken cord. At first he paid but little attention to it, but looking at the emblem again, he arose and went towards it, when, at a glance, he discovered the Agnus Dei, the same that he had placed around the neck of his cousin when leaving New York. There could be no mistake; the initials of the mother of the boy round whose neck he had placed it were there; and, in addition, a blood stain, as though it had been pressed by some metalic substance into an orifice too small to contain it. "Yes," he said, he has been here." He took it

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down, and asked his grandmother how long she had had it in her possession. She expressed surprise, and emphatically asserted that she had never seen it before.

"But," said she, "it may belong to some of the boys."

Harry answered by expressing a desire to keep it till their return, to which she readily assented. Harry never for a moment doubted that the young men would return and say good-bye to their grandmother.

That evening Harry remained at his grandmother's, anxiously awaiting the return of his cousins, but they came not. The Agnus Dei is still in Harry's possession, and its history, so closely connected with the fate of the missing young men, will be related as this narrative proceeds.

Time has whitened the hair of some and the grave has closed over others who played their parts in this weird tragedy, yet the mystery still remains unsolved. Who were they that called at the residence of Harry's grandmother and personated his two cousins? Whence came

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the Agnus Dei that Harry so readily recognized, with its stain of blood and well-known marks of identity? Who was the Spanish priest mentioned by his grandmother? And did she really see, without any illusion, the two young men in the flesh? If she did, why did they not return? Or were they phantoms?

Did the ominous cry of "Agnus Dei!" heard by Harry on the ocean and simultaneously by his grandmother hundreds of miles away in New York portend anything? And the most unaccountable of all, whence came the Agnus Dei?

The reader will by this time have formed his opinion as to who were the visitors, but as we proceed to unravel the series of tragic and melodramatic situations that arise in unexpected places till we reach the culmination of this most extraordinary phenomenon, we would ask a suspension of judgment.

Immediately after the close of the American Civil War, our sister republic, Mexico, was in the throes of a revolution, owing to the efforts of Napoleon III to establish a monarchy there, with Maximilian as its head. Troops and muni-

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tions of war were being furnished by Napoleon to carry on a protracted siege against the revolutionists. It was a daily occurrence to hear that somewhere along the extended shore-line of that country French troops were being landed and engaged by the revolutionists—often with success, but more frequently with disaster. This was owing to the lack of experience and discipline on the part of the revolutionists, and also to the absence of the real sinews of war—money, an article very scarce then in that country. But notwithstanding this, the revolutionists were determined that the invader should not remain on the soil of the Montezumas, much less establish a monarchy by the bayonets of the hated "gringo." General Juarez, the head of the revolutionary forces, had established a provisional government with headquarters always in the field, or wherever circumstances would permit. This was rendered necessary by the vigilance and activity of the French troops, who were always in pursuit, and it was therefore difficult for the revolutionists to establish a permanent headquarters.

Proclamations were issued by the provisional

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government for troops to rally to the standard of liberty, as exemplified in the spirit of the revolutionists, and sent broadcast in every direction. Even secret agents were sent into the United States to induce recruits, by the offer of large bounties, to espouse the cause of the struggling patriots. This method, in many instances, proved successful, especially among the Federal troops along the Rio Grande, many of whom were, at that time, being mustered out of the service.

This method of increasing the numbers of the revolutionists was not confined to the Juarez party, but was also adopted by the adherents of Maximilian, whose agents went as far as New York, offering sums as large as any that ever tempted the cupidity of the Northern bounty jumper to risk his hide as a proxy to be shot at during the troublesome days of Gettysburg and Manassas. In this respect the Maximilian party was more successful than that of Juarez, owing to the scarcity of money, as previously mentioned. Scores of young men could be seen daily crossing the Rio Grande at Matamoras,

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ostensibly to enlist under the banner of the invader, but really to secure the coveted bounty and replenish a depleted purse. But this promise proved Dead-sea fruit to the adventurers; for in many instances the bounty was never paid, and those who enlisted were compelled to do duty as soldiers of the empire, it being decreed by Maximilian that all who voluntarily joined the forces of France were amenable to French law, regardless of the conditions under which they were enlisted, and that any infraction of discipline meant death to the guilty.

Here was a dilemma that startled the Franco-American soldier; for, apart from other considerations, his sympathy was with the Juarez revolutionists, and now that he was to receive no bounty, and be compelled to soldier till the close of a war of uncertain duration, he began to devise some plan of escape. To swim the Rio Grande and reach the Texas side of the river was the only means of regaining his liberty, and to think was to act in such an emergency. An attempt to escape having been made on one occasion by some of the American contingent,

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they were caught and summarily shot. Whether there was any truth in the report of the attempted escape, or whether the killing was done for the purpose of instilling fear into the Americans, we are unable to say, but certain it is that many were put to death.

General Maija, the commander of the Imperial forces at Matamoras, ordered the construction of a line of forts to encompass the city, in front of which large dikes of great width and depth were placed. The sewage of the city was diverted from its regular course into the Rio Grande and turned into these dikes. They were covered with trees and underbrush, and served as a protection to the forts from the assaults of the cavalry of the revolutionists. The parapets were mounted with ordnance of ordinary calibre, and took in the range of the entire esplanade on three sides of the city, the other side being protected by the Rio Grande. Behind the forts, and within the enclosure, was a series of redoubts running back a distance of three hundred yards, where ammunition was stored and a train laid ready for firing. Between the two forts,

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looking toward the west, a drawbridge ran out and spanned the dike when occasion required.

This was to permit the cavalry to sally out at times when the enemy approached too near, and give them battle under cover of the mounted guns. The bridge was then raised to prevent surprise, and lowered on the return of the troops, who at times brought back prisoners. At night this bridge was never lowered, and a sentry told off the silent hours to his comrades in arms, so that all attempts to escape seemed like the rashness of suicide.

The outside of the fort was patrolled by twenty men, who were stationed at distances of one hundred yards, and who told off to each other the departing hours of night. This gave additional security, and made any attempt at escape more hazardous still. Nevertheless, desertions occurred and men were shot, until the brutality inflicted upon the American contingent by the merciless commander of the French threatened complications of an international character that hastened the departure of the French from the soil of Mexico.

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General Wertzel of the United States army, stationed at Fort Brown, was appealed to on behalf of the Americans who were sentenced to death. But not until a large number had already been mercilessly shot down did he evince any desire to interpose; yet when he did interpose, he did so in a way that admitted of no doubt as to his intentions.

On the 26th of October, 1866, thirteen Americans were sentenced to be shot, and among the number an ex-lieutenant of the Federal army, who had been recently mustered out. General Wertzel endeavored, by amicable means, to delay the carrying out of the sentence until the government at Washington could be heard from; but the Mexican General was obdurate, and demanded the lives of the condemned men. When the morning arrived for the execution of the sentence, General Wertzel had, during the night, arranged along the banks of the river overlooking the city of Matamoras six heavy field guns, loaded and trained upon the headquarters of the Mexican General. Wertzel notified the Mexican General by courier that if

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he insisted upon the killing of the thirteen Americans before the receipt of news from Washington he would open fire upon the city. This peremptory demand, usual in the diplomacy of war, had the desired effect, and the execution of Americans ceased, at least until General Wertzel was called home with his troops to Michigan.

We will now return to New York, where we left Harry wondering over the circumstance of his cousins' sudden leave-taking. The symbol of the Catholic religion, the Agnus Dei, he carefully placed within his purse, but not until he was satisfied, by a thorough examination, of its identity with the one he had previously owned. He now set about to discover any traces that would lead to the finding of his lost cousins.

He visited the docks from which the Morgan line of packets sailed and made inquiry among the seamen who were then in port, but all to no purpose. Being informed that the "Mariposa," the steamship on which his cousins sailed, was due in two days, he decided to await her coming, and would then, perhaps, gain the necessary information from the crew.

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The steamship arrived within the time, and Harry was at the dock anxiously awaiting an opportunity to converse with the seamen, and gather such information as he could that might give a clew to the whereabouts of his cousins. The purser was the one he was most anxious to see, owing to the fact that he had, at a previous time, called at the residence of the grandmother of the boys and informed her of their quitting the ship at New Orleans. Therefore thinking that, by close inquiry, he might get additional information, he sought and found the purser in the cabin.

After Harry had explained the object of his visit, the purser took from a drawer a copy of a New Orleans paper, and, pointing to an article over which were large headlines, asked him to read it. The article was as follows:

"BRUTAL AND MERCILESS KILLING OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN THE CITY OF MATAMORAS, MEXICO.

"The wanton and cold-blooded killing of Americans in Matamoras, by order of General Maija, commanding the Maximilian forces, ca[1]' for the immediate intervention of the go

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ment at Washington, and prompt commensurate reparation.

"The circumstances of the case, as near as we can, at this time, ascertain are as follows:

"The contending governments of Juarez and Maximilian, anxious to increase their fighting strength, have sent agents throughout the United States to offer bounties to whomsoever would enlist for a term of one year, or during the war.

"The proposition of bounties was never intended in good faith, but as an allurement to the adventurous spirit of the Americans; for it appears that many of those who accepted never received any bounty or any pay, notwithstanding the fact that some of the men have engaged in battle on several occasions, and have demanded the fulfilling of the agreement as entered into at the time of their enlistment. The Maximilian government has summarily put men to death for presuming to ask for a fulfilment of the contract, construing it as indicative of revolt to established order.

"They also allege that all Americans who voluntarily joined their service abdicated their

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right to American citizenship, and can be only treated as the subjects of the Maximilian government.

En passant, we will say that not one of the men ever intended to surrender his citizenship, hence their humiliation is the more severe and calls for prompt and vigorous measures.

"Because some of the men are ex-Confederate soldiers, the Maximilians allege that they are not citizens in the full meaning of the term; but if they base their right to a wholesale murder of Americans on this self-asserted pretext, there are enough Confederate soldiers left to clear the soil of Mexico of every Frenchman in twenty-four hours."

"Do you believe that my two cousins were induced to join the Maximilian forces?" said Harry to the purser, "when they withdrew from your ship at New Orleans?"

"If you have failed to find them in your protracted search, I would not wager a copper on their not being among the number who were inveigled by the allurements of the rich bounty," the purser answered.

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"Then, if your surmises are correct, they have evidently been shot, as they were bold and daring boys, and would sacrifice life if they believed they were being imposed upon."

"That is the opinion I had formed of them during our brief acquaintance," said the purser; "for I believe they would have remained with us and returned to New York but for the influence of some acquaintances they made in New Orleans."

"Then my only way of verifying what you have advanced will be to go to New Orleans and try and find some one who may have seen them, or may have been with them in Mexico, if it is true that they went there?"

"Precisely. We leave in fifteen days, and if you care you may find a chance to ship with us, as we find it difficult to keep our men, owing to the report of higher wages elsewhere."

To which proposition Harry at once assented, and the purser entered his name for the ensuing voyage.

On the 15th and 30th of each month a steamship of the Morgan line left New York for New

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Orleans. The "Mariposa" was duly advertised to sail on the 15th, and on her Harry had found the opportunity he sought. Availing himself of the time before sailing, he informed his relatives and friends of his intended purpose.

The day having arrived for the departure of the steamer, he took leave of his friends, and was soon on his journey to the metropolis of the South. The trip passed off pleasantly, and in twelve days the steamer anchored safely at the wharf at New Orleans, and Harry bade goodbye to his shipmates till he should see them again.

Harry's next move was to drift around New Orleans until he could find some one who could give him some information about the easiest and best method to reach Matamoras, the scene of hostilities, as he had fully made up his mind to go there, believing it to be the surest way to ascertain anything concerning the fate of his cousins.

He was not long in coming into possession of the desired information; for, on mentioning the matter one evening in the hotel where he had

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taken quarters, a gentleman who overheard the inquiry volunteered the information that if he wanted to go anxiously, a party of men was going the following morning to join the revolutionists at Durango, and, if he desired to join the party, he could accompany them.

"You mean as a revolutionist?" querried Harry.

"Certainly," replied the person addressed; "you will receive two dollars per day in Mexican money, besides being furnished with a complete cavalry outfit. The steamer that will take you will land you at Brazos, after which you will march by slow stages till you reach Fort Brown, which is opposite to Matamoras; then you will take the boat to Durango, where you will meet your officers and receive your outfit."

This was exactly what Harry wanted, to be landed at Fort Brown, for then he would be within pistol-shot of the city whence he expected to hear tidings of his lost cousins.

"Are you one of the officers?" inquired Harry.

"No, but I will accompany the expedition and lead you to your destination, when my duty

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ceases; so, if you have made up your mind, you will sign your name to the list, that I may make arrangements to leave in the morning."

Harry at once divined that he was now in the presence of one of the agents, and believing that he could reach Fort Brown with very little cost to himself, and when there, withdraw from the escort unperceived, assented to the proposition and signed his name.

The following morning, the steamer being ready to sail, every man as he ascended the gang-plank responded to his name, and everything being in readiness, the ship cast loose her fastenings and proceeded down the river to the Gulf of Mexico.

The cargo consisted of munitions of war, merchandise and horses, the presence of which came near proving a disaster to the expedition.

The trip to Brazos usually takes five days in any kind of fair weather, but in this instance a storm was encountered the first day out, and the horses, becoming unmanageable, several broke loose from their fastenings, and created a panic that nearly sent all hands to the bottom.

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The storm continued to increase with unabated fury, tossing the ship like a soap bubble.

The incessant roar of the thunder and menacing glare of the sheets of forked lightening from out an opaque sky, accompanied with torrents of rain, increased the fury of the loosened horses as they rolled and slid from one side of the ill-fated ship to the other, threatening, at every instant, as they dashed from side to side, to break the fasteninge of the others and turn the ship and all on board into the seething gulf of waters.

The captain called all hands on deck and ordered six men with rifles to go below and kill the maddened animals, a task that was by no means easy to perform.

"Take off the main hatch and lower a man, and report how many have broken their lashings," commanded the captain.

In a few minutes the hatches were uncovered and a bowline being fastened around the waist of a seaman with a carbine strapped to his back, he was lowered amidst the unfortunate animals whose almost human groans and pitiful moanings could be heard by all on board.

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"Twelve horses," answered the man in the hold, as the steamer shipped a wave, several tons of which found ingress through the open hatch.

"Then kill them at once," was the reply.

The man suspended beneath the open hatchway swung from side to side with each oscilation of the laboring ship, unable to bring himself into that condition necessary to a successful use of the firearm, while at every lurch huge volumes of water would descend through the open hatch, menacing the life of the seaman and adding consternation to the maddened and struggling beasts below.

To close the hatch would exclude the light from the seaman whose critical task it was to kill the loosened animals as quickly as possible and prevent a calamity that momentarily threatened them. The ship lunged and shuddered, now on the crest of a wave, now in the trough of the sea, while at intervals was heard the crack of the rifle till all the infuriated horses had been killed.

The death of the horses seemed to lessen the rolling of the ship, which now proceeded in a steadier and more upright course.

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Six days out from New Orleans and the ship had reached the pier at Brazos. In the meantime, by the aid of a derrick, the dead animals were hoisted from the hold and cast into the sea.

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PART SECOND

The distance from Brazos by land to Matamoras is ninety miles through a bleak, inhospitable and desolate region, devoid of roads, over which the revolutionist contingent was expected to travel to reach Fort Brown, in Texas. After reaching Fort Brown a boat was to be in readiness to transport men and baggage to the head of navigation, thence to the headquarters of the commander at Durango. After landing, the horses were prepared as land transports, the provisions and munitions of war were securely strapped to the animals' backs, and everything being ready for the march, each man walked after his own fashion, and as best suited his convenience. Fifteen miles a day was about the distance traveled, which was done without hardship. Six days brought the contingent into Brownsville, a small, uncouth-looking place, giving every evidence of the character of the inhabitants and their unenterprising, careless

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mode of life. The houses, many of which were of adobe, were built regardless of the lines of streets, with only here and there an attempt at symmetry. Straggling bands of Mexicans were met with, dressed in the garb characteristic of the locality; they carried large machettes in their girdles of crimson silk, and, with their scowling faces, they did not seem to be very desirable acquaintances.

The "fandango" and the "bolero" held nightly sway, and were patronized by these picturesque-looking cuthroats and their femenine satelites. Gambling hells were presided over by professors in the art, while attendant tyros stood around in open-mouthed bewilderment, as if fascinated in witnessing the varying fortunes of the players.

The landing where the steamer lay that was to take the expedition to Durango was crowded with sightseers and those in sympathy with the revolutionists. The vessel was announced to sail at 9 P. M., this late hour of sailing being necessary, owing to the sharp lookout the Maximilian gunboats kept in order to capture transports. Harry, availing himself of the delay,

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sought safety in hiding, until such time as the steamer should sail; otherwise it might have been dangerous for him, as the machette men could easily have been engaged to kill him had he refused to go on the steamer. Human life, at that time, was held cheap.

But now that he was in secure hiding they might think that some reason other than predetermined intention to go no further than Brownsville was the cause of his non-appearance. The agents of the Maximilian government were spying everywhere, now here, now there, listening to this one, then to that one, and all the time busy sending reports to Matamoras of the doings of the revolutionists.

It was very difficult to tell who were the spies of the French, for to be known was to endanger the life of the individual, as the inhabitants of Brownsville were decidedly on the side of the party of Juarez, a proof of which being occasionally given by the finding of a man with his throat cut, and a paper pinned to his clothes to let the pedestrian know that "this was a spy."

About the time that the steamer was expected to sail, Harry ventured from his place of hiding

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and walked towards the bank of the river by which the steamer would pass on her way to her destination.

We will here state that the river is extremely crooked, bending and winding in serpentine fashion until at one point it traverses a distance of four miles in a zig-zag course. A conversation can be carried on by passengers from one boat to another in as many as a dozen places, so narrow is the strip of earth intervening.

By the time Harry had reached the river, the boat had passed. He could see the long stream of smoke from the stack; and, assured that all danger was passed with respect to himself, he retraced his steps to the town to secure apartments where he could recuperate from the weariness incurred by his long march from Brazos.

The following morning he arose early to view the aspect of a frontier metropolis, and take cognizance of whatever incidents might come in his way, and mayhap, profit by his observations.

Here and there American soldiers wandered aimlessly in the vicinity of saloons and dance

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halls, while within could be heard the ribald songs of dissolute men and women, the clinking of glasses, accompanied with coarse jests, which produced boisterous laughter among those roysterers. Such were the scenes of Harry's first introduction to Brownsville.

After breakfast, he engaged his host in conversation respecting the killing of the Americans in Matamoras. His host unbosomed himself with freedom and strong emphasis in relation to the subject of the inquiry, for he was a Kentuckian, and a sturdy, unbending stickler for the rights of Americans under any and all circumstances. From the tone of his bitter denunciation in his recital of the shooting of the Americans in Matamoras, it would have been a risky undertaking for any one to espouse the opposite side of the case.

Said he: "It would be impossible to find out how many Americans the Maxmilians have wantonly butchered. They prevented all visitors from entering the city by stationing soldiers at the ferry landing on the Mexican side of the river to prevent the news of their

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bloody massacres from being known to the world.

"They murdered, without a semblance of right or justice, both sexes, and threw their bodies into the river. Why, they even fired upon and killed, on American soil, two young men, brothers, who had deserted, and had swam the Rio Grande river, reaching the American side in safety."

This latter remark startled Harry, for he instinctively realized that he was now listening to the manner of the death of his two cousins, and, although he fain would have disclosed his identity to his well-meaning host, still he remembered that he had a duty to perform, and secrecy was a primary requisite to the accomplishment of that end.

The speaker noticed the betrayal of emotion on the part of Harry as he dwelt upon the death of the two brothers and inquired the cause, to which Harry answered that he merely felt shocked at the thought of such unpunished villainies.

"Were there any others in the company of the two men you last spoke of?" asked Harry.

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"No; they were all I ever heard of at that particular time; but there were other deserters before and after that, but none that were shot on American soil. General Wertzel put a stop to it by threatening to blow the city of Matamoras out of existence if the French General put any more to death; and I tell you that stayed their hyena appetite. And he had the ability to do what he said, for he would have been backed up by American courage and muscle.

"Young man, look here, I don't know who you are; you may be a French spy for anything I know. But I'll tell you one thing, and that is this, that if the Mexicans are not able to drive every one of those frog-eating French mercenaries out of their country, Uncle Sam will have to do it, as this country is not big enough to support a monarchy on one end of it. These are my sentiments, and I don't care who knows it; and if any spy of the French government, or any hireling of the Mexican end of it wants to disprove it by argument or otherwise, I'll be pleased to accommodate him."

There was no ambiguity in that kind of talk, and it coincided with the opinion Harry had

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already formed of the existence of the strong revolutionary sympathy of the citizens of Brownsville.

"What became of the young men who were shot on the American side?"

"They lived several days, and were buried in the old Mission ground of Brownsville. The American residents here and a few soldiers did all they could for them, but their wounds were too severe for them to survive. The citizens gave them a decent burial. The old priest at the Mission can tell you the whole particulars of their death, as he befriended them throughout their entire illness."

This unlooked-for remark caused strange thoughts to flit through the brain of Harry as he recalled the visit of his two cousins to his grandmother in New York in the company of the Spanish priest, the finding of the Agnus Dei in her room, and the strange disappearance of the visitors. What could it all mean? Could his grandmother have been mistaken about the visit? "No," he answered himself; for I have still got possession of the symbol, and he opened

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his pocket-book to see if it was there. Sure enough, there it was, with all its evidences of identity.

Now to find the priest was his next object, as from him he would be sure to get all the particulars to enable him to unravel this singular mystery. The distance to the Mission from Brownsville is about a mile, and thither Harry betook himself, to gather from the lips of the priest evidence of the death of the boys, and learn from the one individual who of all others was able to give an account of the last moments of his relatives, and the place of their burial.

The hour now being about eleven o'clock in the morning, he proceeded leisurely, thinking over the conversation he had had with his friend of the hostelry, where he had sojourned the night before. As he revolved in his mind the story told him by his grandmother of the return of his cousins to New York and the finding of the Agnus Dei, the more perplexed he became. He would ask himself if there was not some terrible mistake about it all, and was not his journey a useless labor in connection with a sub-

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ject that would forever haunt him as the hallucination of a disordered brain? But as he approached the chapel of the old Mission, which was now close at hand, he consoled himself with the thought that here he would find all the evidence of which he was in search.

The edifice of the old Mission was an adobe structure of unpretentious style, and similar in many respects to the mission buildings throughout California and the interior of Mexico. It was about fifty feet in width by one hundred and fifty in depth, and constructed of heavy timbers. The uprights were about ten feet apart, banked between with sods two or three feet in thickness, and the walls were plastered with a mud cement. One or more coats of whitewash gave it a presentable appearance for those who came to worship at the sacred edifice. The floor of the interior was devoid of wood or other material; nothing but the bare earth on which benches were arranged in methodical order, while around the walls were hung pictures on sacred subjects, and illustrating the sufferings of the Divine Savior. The altar, upon which a candle was

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burning, was similar in design to many that are to be found throughout the country, but was very simple in its structure. And at the foot of this altar, engaged in devotion, Harry found the man of all others whom he was seeking.

He loitered around until such time as convenience would enable him to approach the padre and make known the object of his visit. He had not long to wait, for in a short time the priest made his exit through a side door on his way to his residence, which was but a few steps from the chapel. Harry, being but a few steps from him, saluted him with a "Good morning, father!"

"Good morning, sir."

"Pardon me for my intrusion upon your devotions."

"You did not intrude, my son, and no apology is necessary. What is the object of your visit?"

"I am a resident of New York, and have called in search of information concerning the disappearance of some dear relatives of mine who are supposed to have been killed in this vicinity."

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"The Lord be good to us! And for what were they killed? But you had better step in with me to my residence, where you will be more at ease; then you can relate to me this strange adventure that brings you from so distant a city as New York."

Accepting the invitation, the priest and Harry entered a small frame structure of one story under the shade of some eucalyptus trees, and surrounded by a small picket fence. The priest handed him a chair and bade him be seated.

"And now, my son," said he, "proceed with your story, that I may the better judge whether I can be of service to you."

"Well," said Harry, "about four months ago, in the city of New York, in the company of my two cousins, John and William Harrold——"

At the mention of the names, Harry noticed that the priest gave evidence of uneasiness, and, inquiring the cause, the priest answered that he had heard the names before. "But proceed with your story," said he.

"Well, we discussed the chances of taking a trip to sea in the hope that it might lead to an

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improvement of our condition in life. William picked up a paper during the conversation, and read aloud one of the advertisements that a second steward was wanted on board the clipper ship 'City of Bombay.' I expressed a desire to apply for the vacancy, and thither we went the following day to find out if I might get the position.

"We reached the dock about eleven o'clock in the morning, and boarded the vessel. The steward, perceiving that we were strangers, came forward and demanded to know the object of our visit.

"I acted as spokesman of the party, and said we had called in answer to an advertisement we had seen in the paper, and asked if the position was still open.

"He informed us that the position was still open, and inquired which of us it was who desired the position. I replied that it was myself.

"'Well,' continued he, 'the ship sails to-morrow at 10 A. M., and if you will promise to be on board, I will engage you now.'

"I readily accepted the position, the three of

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us going ashore at once to prepare for our leave-taking on the following day.

"We had scarcely passed out of sight of the vessel before my two cousins were offered an opportunity to ship at once by an agent of the Morgan line of steamers, one of which was about to sail within the hour. My cousins accepted.

I accompanied them to where the steamer was lying, to bid them good-bye, and calling William the younger, to one side, I took from my neck this symbol of the Catholic faith, and placed it around his neck, requesting him to wear it till next we should meet."

Here Harry withdrew from his pocket the "Agnus Dei," and handed it to the priest, who, after minutely examining it, betrayed signs of perturbation, and exclaiming:

"Jesu and Maria! How came you in possession of it? It is the same; indeed it is the same worn by the handsome young American so cruelly murdered, along with his brother, and to whom I administered the last sad rites of his religion. But tell me, oh tell me, how came you

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in possession of it? This indeed is marvelous, as I saw it around his neck, resting on his white bosom, near the wound against which it was driven by the cruel bullet of the enemy. It rested with him in his coffin, and was taken with him to his grave. This, indeed, is the emblem. I cannot be mistaken. Why, see the precious stain of his young blood, as it drenched the face of the blessed Madonna, is yet upon it, and with silent evidence proclaims its owner. Ah, me! how cruel these wars that make men destroy each other for worldly gain. But I desire to hear more of this evidence of Divine intervention, for such it is, as you will discover for yourself. Blessed be the name of our Maker! But proceed, I have interrupted you; I ask your pardon.

"As I placed the emblem around his neck," continued Harry, "he at once went aboard in company with his brother, and that was the last time I looked upon his face.

"The following day I went on board the "City of Bombay," bound for Liverpool, where I safely arrived after a voyage of forty-two days. Four-

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teen days later, with four hundred and eighty emigrants on board, we turned our bow toward New York.

"On the eighteenth day out we encountered a terrific storm, which lasted three days and nights, during every hour of which we expected to go to the bottom. On the twenty-first night, as I was preparing to retire, I heard, or thought I heard, about the hour of midnight, the rattle of musketry in the midst of the storm, and accompanying it the cry of 'Agnus Deil' as though coming from some one in distress. At the time I was alarmed, thinking that some one had been washed overboard, and could not get rid of the thought that the cry I had heard portended some calamity to the ship, my friends or myself. The following night, just as I was retiring, I again heard the rattle of musketry, accompanied by a similar cry, and they were also heard by the officer of the deck as well as by many of the passengers. This caused me great uneasiness of mind at the time, and I felt a sense of relief when we arrived at New York. Immediately after my arrival I paid a visit to

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my grandmother to learn the news, if any, from my cousins; but she had heard nothing from them. I then made a visit to my aunt, who resided a short distance up the Hudson river. There I remained a few days, perhaps a week, and then returned, when, to my surprise, I was informed by my grandmother that my cousins had returned the day previous. She said they were accompanied by a Spanish priest, who was on business of some kind for the government of Mexico, and with whom they were to return. They never called again, although I daily expected them."

"During the conversation with my grandmother in the sitting-room, I sat opposite a large mirror, and while discussing with her the probable cause of their absence, I noticed reflected in the mirror the Agnus Dei which you now hold in your hand. I rose and took it down from where it was hanging, and, to my astonishment, recognized the identical symbol I had given my cousin on the day of his sailing. With the exception of the blood-stain, it was in every way the same.

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"I called my grandmother's attention to it, asking where it came from, and to whom it belonged; but she was entirely ignorant of its presence, or how it came to be there.

"To me it was certainly evidence that my cousins had been there, for who else could have hung it where it was found? I took it, and have kept it in my possession ever since, determined to unravel the mystery surrounding it, if possible. I then visited the steamship on which they had sailed, and questioned the crew and others from whom I might be able to gain information. The purser informed me that the boys left the ship at New Orleans, and that he was of the opinion that they had joined one of the recruiting parties there, who were enlisting men for the Maximilian forces. He therefore thought it probable that, under the stimulus of the large bounties the agents were offering, they had gone to Mexico. Such, in brief, are the particulars, and you will now understand the reason for my coming here."

"This is a most extraordinary chain of incidents, and you were right in coming. Ah!

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blessed be those who watch over us, and lead us into the light of the mysteries of God's ways! But come, you will partake of a small repast with me, as it is now after the hour of luncheon. Afterwards we will discus the matter further, and I believe I can throw some light on the extraordinary incidents you have related."

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PART THIRD.

The padre led the way into a small room used as a library, and bade Harry amuse himself while he went to prepare the eatables. Harry and the padre afterward sat down to a modest repast of boiled fish, milk and honey, the priest having first asked a blessing. After luncheon they repaired to the library, when the padre offered the arm-chair to Harry and bade him be seated, the padre taking a smaller one, in which he was accustomed to sit, and commenced the conversation as follows:

"My son, I have forgotten to ask your name."

"Thomas Henry Talbot," replied Harry, "but I am familiarly called Harry by all who know me."

"Well," replied the priest, "I attended the two young men whom you call your cousins, and am somewhat acquainted with the unfortunate circumstances of their death, as I attended them throughout their illness, and was

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with them at their death. Ah! it was very sad, the killing of those two sprightly boys.

"As I heard it from the lips of the younger, I will give it to you as clearly as my memory can recall it.

"Arriving at New Orleans, they fell in with some of the agents of the Maximilian government, just as the purser of the ship informed you, and being offered a large sum of money to join an expedition that was then being fitted out, they concluded to leave the ship and cast their fortunes with the expedition. There were some sixty of them, I believe, all of them Americans, few of whom, I fear, ever returned.

"Being dissatisfied with the treatment they received at the hands of the Maximilian authorities, several of them conspired to desert and swim the Rio Grande river, when, by reaching the American shore, they would be out of the jurisdiction of the Maximilian government, and could defy their pursuers.

"So one evening, after the outside patrol had passed the draw-bridge located between the forts overlooking the esplanade on the eastern side of

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the city, the night being very dark, and suitable for carrying out so daring and hazardous a scheme, they surprised the sentry on duty, and gave him the choice of being killed, or going with them. He accepted the latter. It took but a moment to secure the key from the hands of the sentry that unlocked the windlass which raised and lowered the bridge over which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the open that led to the bank of the river, which is about a quarter of an English mile distant from their point of exit from the forts.

"There were eight men in the plot, all of whom were armed with Spencer carbines, in addition to a brace of pistols, the regulation equipment of the Maximilian cavalry.

"Should the patrol return before they could reach the river, or should the lowering of the bridge alarm the sentries doing duty at the embrasure beyond the point at which they must clear for life and liberty, they knew they would have to fight to the death, but perhaps some might reach the river and escape.

"This task they bound themselves by oath to perform—to die rather than be taken prisoners;

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for, if they were, they knew that the punishment of death awaited them.

"The one to whom was intrusted the duty of giving the signal when the patrol should pass, and when the sentry on the bridge should answer the call, did his part well. The signal was a loud cough, and the man giving it was to cover the sentry at once with his pistol, disarm him, and then the others would be on the scene instantly to carry out the rest of the programme.

The irregularity with which the patrol passed made the hour uncertain when they would be able to put their scheme into effect, but they waited patiently for the signal. The cough was given, and instantly every man was on the alert; the sentry was disarmed, and the key for putting the bridge in motion taken from him. Silently the bridge was lowered, and every man walked out into the open, each with his carbine ready for the attack, should discovery be made.

"They hurried on toward the river, and when near its banks they were confronted by a number of pickets. "Halt!" cried the picket in advance, which was answered by a shot. Then

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the fight became general; and the patrol, hearing the fusilade, hastened to the scene. A general rush was then made for the river by those who were not disabled in the fight. Your two cousins, reaching it in safety, plunged into the current, which was very rapid at the point where they entered, and by strenuous efforts reached the opposite shore.

Here they sat down and discharged their revolvers in token of safety, when a volley was fired at them from the Mexican side, severely wounding both. The firing attracted the attention of people in the vicinity, who found the boys lying where they were shot down. Kindly hands moved them to a place of safety, where everything was done for them that the citizens of Brownsville could do. Because, you must know, that in this neighborhood the people are all opposed to the Maximilians, and would gladly drive them out of Mexico, where they are looked upon as usurpers, and without a shadow of a claim to their assumed authority. Napoleon is directly responsible for their presence, and, by his authority, an attempt is being made to subjugate a liberty-loving people.

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"Therefore, your cousins had the strong sympathy and tender ministrations of a patriotic people in their misfortune. John, the elder of the boys, gradually grew worse; his wound was considered mortal and human skill could avail nothing. Seven days after receiving his wound, his body was brought into the sacristy, and from whence I saw it deposited in the grave.

"William lingered along eleven days after his brother, when he, too, paid the penalty we all must pay to nature. I administered the sacrament to both just prior to their death; and, noticing the Agnus Dei upon the neck of William, I questioned him concerning it. He then related to me the circumstance as you have described it."

Here the priest took from his pocket the emblem that was handed him by Harry at the time he related the story connected with it.

"And," continued he, "this is the identical Agnus Dei that was lowered with him into the grave, for these eyes" (pointing to himself) "were the last that saw it as the earth closed upon him.

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"But to be convinced that we are not both the victims of some strange delusion, we shall open the grave of the boys, and make certain of the truth or falsity of the singular problem that confronts us; for I am deeply sensible of the importance of the extraordinary occurrences you have related. We shall open the grave."

The time intervening between the encounter at the river and the conversation herein related was about two months; and, deducting the eighteen days, the length of time William survived from the time of receiving his death-wound, from the sixty-two days, we have the exact location of Harry upon the ocean, which would leave him twenty-one days out from Liverpool. This was a mental calculation, but referring to his memorandum made on the night he heard the cry, accompanied by the volley of musketry in mid-ocean, he found that the time was correct. But a further corroboration was necessary—the hour of his death; and addressing the priest for information upon that particular circumstance, he was startled with the response that "it was about the hour of midnight." This demanded still further meditation.

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The padre, Harry and an attendant of the Mission then repaired to the burial ground, where by the aid of a modest headboard chronicling their names and ages, the grave of the two brothers was found. The headboard had been placed there by the good father, who keenly regretted the misfortune.

The attendant at once began the disinterment, which took but a brief time to disclose the casket containing the mortal remains of the unfortunate youths.

The coffin was gently raised to the surface, and the emblems of mourning carefully laid aside, that access might be got to the cover. The screw-wrench being applied to remove the fastenings, the lid was raised, exposing to view the features of the occupant, which had as yet undergone very slight change.

Gently the shroud was pulled down, exposing the lower breast bone and the wound that had caused the death of the youth; when, with a suddenness that bespoke great surprise the priest exclaimed: "Blessed be the Saviour! we are in the presence af a miracle!"

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He then took from his pocket the Agnus Dei and kissed it with rapturous delight—asking God's blessing upon all who were there assembled, and praying for the salvation and happiness of the the soul that once inhabited the body now before them.

The shroud and drapery of the dead being rearranged, and the lid of the coffin being placed in position and fastened as before, it was lowered into the grave, after bearing mute testimony to an inscrutable mystery.

The sun was beginning to set as the priest and Harry retraced their steps, and pondering over the scene that had just been enacted, and imagining a thousand things in explanation of a phenomenon of which a large part of mankind are incredulous.

Unless spiritual phenomena will bear certain physical tests, they are usually regarded as mere inventions or illusions, notwithstanding, as in this instance, the most convincing testimony.

Having reached the cottage, the padre invited Harry within to spend the evening, which hospitality he accepted. He expressed a desire to

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write a letter to his grandmother detailing the incidents of the death of his cousins, and the priest requested him to enter the library, where the necessary writing materials would be found. The priest, in the meantime, repaired to his kitchen to provide supper and arrange for a sleeping place for his visitor.

During the interval while the supper was being prepared, Harry had finished his letter, and expressed a desire to mail it, that it might go by the first boat; but the priest informed him that he had better trust the mailing of it to him, as he would send it by his attendant, who would see that it was properly delivered, and it would go on the earliest mail to Brazos, where it would be transferred to the regular mail packet plying between that point and New Orleans. This was the steamship on which Harry had come with the expedition.

The letter was accordingly given to the priest, who had, in the meantime, prepared supper, and then they both sat down to enjoy the evening meal and exchange opinions in regard to the incident of the afternoon.

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"Well, Mr. Talbot," said the padre, "have you any explanation to offer concerning the miraculous disappearance of the Agnus Dei, from the person of your cousin? I am absolutely bewildered, and stand in awe of the inscrutable power and indisputable testimony of the living soul. Ah! How little we know of ourselves in the presence of such a power. Who so wise as to fathom the marvels of the world beyond? None. We are groping in the dark, while the secret longing to know the mystery lies deep down in the earliest consciousness of life.

"Was it not strange that I should come to know you?" said Harry, "by means so extraordinary; and yet your presence was necessary to unravel the fate of my cousins. How striking the analogy between the manner of their death and the strange intimation of it I received in mid-ocean."

"The warning was as forcible as though you had been an eye-witness," replied the priest. "In confirmation of it all is the material evidence of the Agnus Dei you have in your possession," he continued.

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'But who were the visitors that called at my grandmother's? She could not have been mistaken. Besides, the bringing of the Agnus Dei was confirmatory of the presence of my cousin."

The priest shook his head and answered slowly: "Angels, perhaps. You know the Scripture tells us we may entertain angels at times unawares. And, again, God moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform."

"But the Spanish priest," inquired Harry, "of which she spoke but did not see, hearing of him only from the lips of the visitors—why was he referred to? Could it have had any reference to you?"

The priest again shook his head and replied: "Perhaps in so far as I have shown you the grave of your relatives and recounted to you the manner of their death."

"The suggestion is not an unreasonable one, though far from satisfactory," rejoined Harry.

"A truth can be hidden in an allegory," continued the priest, "and as we have no means of contradiction, we must abide by the result, especially when it brings conviction home."

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"I accept your explanation as very clear. Perhaps it is as satisfactory as any we shall ever arrive at," said Harry.

Changing the conversation for the moment, Harry inquired if anything had ever been done by the American government to redress the wrongs inflicted upon its citizens by the Maximilian government.

To this the padre replied: "Nothing in a permanent way that I have heard of, except the personal intervention of the American General who had command at Brownsville; for," said the priest, "he made them fear him when he demanded that they kill no more men claiming American protection. General Maija, the Maximilian officer under whose orders all who received sentence were killed, paid heed to the warning, as the American General had threatened to bombard the city. This was the current rumor at the time, and it must be true, for no more Americans were killed. There were several companies of American soldiers stationed below here at a small place opposite Bagdad, and hearing of the killing of the Americans in

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Matamoras, they crossed the river in the night and threatened to lay the town in ashes as reprisal for the shooting of their countrymen. And I am told it almost resulted in the court-martialing of the commanding officer of the garrison."

At the conclusion of the latter remark, the rumbling sound of the discharge of a battery of artillery was heard across the river.

"There," said the priest, "the battle has been renewed. It was two days ago that hostilities ceased, after a stubborn battle, lasting throughout the night. The revolutionists, 4000 strong, under the command of General Cortinas, attacked the forts to the south of the river, and fronting the esplanade, along which your cousins ran towards the river on the night of their escape. The open there is a magnificent plateau of several hundred acres, and on its green sward the contending armies met in full view of the people on this side, who swarmed the banks of the river to watch the engagement. The rockets and bombs sent up to disclose the position of the enemy as they marched to attack the forts

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illuminated the whole plateau, till the position of the combatants could be plainly seen from this side. Ah!" continued the priest, "many a poor fellow saw his last day on earth before the smoke of the first assault on the forts had cleared away."

At this moment another heavy discharge of cannon reverberated throughout the night.

"Come," said the priest, "let us step out to the door; perhaps you would like to witness the conflict. As for myself, you doubtless are aware my office precludes my taking part in the destruction of human life, even though emperors were to decree it."

At the invitation of the priest, Harry stepped with him to the door, bringing them within view of the lurid sky, lit up by the bursting bombs and rockets that were exploded at intervals by the combatants.

"What are the chances of the revolutionists?" inquired Harry.

"I have not the remotest knowledge; but success should crown their efforts where there is so much devotion to country and valour in

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defending it. The others are usurpers, held together, I should say, by the common desire for public plunder; for they have not the remotest shadow of right on their side, and were it not for Napoleon I doubt whether they could maintain themselves here a single month, considering the feeling of resentment among the people at their presence. But the church concerns not itself with the follies of men, who bring on conflicts for aggrandizement and to nourish their vanity. Her mission is to teach peace."

Just then another heavy volley of cannon and musketry was heard, and the priest remarked: "The battle is evidently a fierce one, as it was reported General Cortinas had said Matamoras would capitulate to him before the morrow, or he would not leave the field alive. But I fear for his success, with only 4000 men, as it is reported the Maximilians are thrice that number within the city; besides, the population could muster 5000 men more to take the field, were it necessary to force them into active service."

It was now about ten o'clock, and the night

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being dark, the priest again requested Harry to remain and take a good night's rest, remarking: "You must be tired from your long journey, and, as it is more than probable I shall be called to attend the wounded men before the night is far gone—as the revolutionists always bring their wounded to the American side—you will favor me by remaining my guest, and in the morning you may accompany me to the hospital, where you will behold the work of the night."

Harry assented to this, and together they returned to the cottage, the priest arranging for the comfort of his guest, and they retired for the night. The clock had struck one when a horseman galloped up to the door, and called to the priest in Spanish to come at once to the Hospital de Revolution, a building situated about two hundred yards from the river, where the revolutionists were bringing their wounded for medical attention. The priest at once made a hurried toilet, and, mounting a horse that was held in readiness by the messenger, together they rode away. Fiercely did the battle rage, the cannon keeping up a continuous roar, while at intervals

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could be heard the huzzas of the combatants as some vantage point had been gained, only to be retaken by the opposing party. The sharp rattle of the musketry, accompanied by the wild yells of the friends of the revolutionists that lined the banks of the river, all contributed to make the scene a most appalling and impressive one. Assault after assault was made upon the forts, only to be repulsed with heavy loss to the attacking party, until the dike in front of the earthen mounds and near the draw-bridge was rapidly filling up with dead men and horses. Again would the bugle summon to the charge the well-nigh dispirited but heroic patriots, and again would they respond, only to be repulsed, as before. General Cortinas withdrew the remnant of his army to a small wood about a mile distant from the forts, and there held a council with his fellow-officers, the result of which was the cessation of hostilities, leaving the Maximilian forces masters of the situation for the time, but not conquerors. This action of the Mexican General incensed the crowds that lined the river, and they gave vent to their displeasure by a series of yells. All the remainder of the night

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was occupied in the removal of the wounded, several hundred of whom were the following morning lying in the wards of the Hospital de Revolution, having been brought there by the steamer that was held in readiness, and moored a short distance above the scene of the engagement.

Harry arose early the following morning, expecting that the padre would arrive before he should have finished his toilet; but not having done so, he determined to proceed towards the place where the wounded were being cared for.

He inquired of the people whom he met along the road the way to the Hospital de Revolution, but while on his way thither he met the padre, seated in a wagon which he had engaged to bring him home.

He saluted Harry with a "Good morning, senor," and was surprised to see him up so early, and insisted that he should return and join him at breakfast, expressing regret that he should have left before he (the padre) returned; but upon Harry's explaining that it was to seek him out at the hospital, he accepted his apology.

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Harry then mounted the wagon and returned to the cottage. The padre paid the driver a small piece of money and dismissed him.

They both then prepared to get breakfast, Harry gathering the wood and getting the stove in order for the cooking, the priest preparing the food. When everything was ready and the table spread, they sat down to a frugal meal of bread, honey and bacon, which they enjoyed with much relish. The padre recounted to Harry the incidents of the battle, which have already been related, and of which he was informed by an eye-witness.

"Do you intend to make your stay long in Brownsville, Mr. Talbot?" inquired the padre as he cleared away the dishes.

"No; I shall leave at as early a day as possible. I would like an opportunity to ship on some of the steamers leaving Brazos, that I might save as much money as possible on my return. If I could arrange to work my passage as far as that point I might get an opportunity to reach New Orleans by the same means, as I understand the mail steamers connect there."

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"You should have no difficulty in doing that," he replied, "and I believe I can help you."

After the dishes were all cleared away he then expressed a desire to arrange some matters relative to the church. He bade Harry follow him. They then entered the church, where the priest proceeded at once to the altar, offering a prayer, as he understood, for the repose of the souls of the men slain in battle. In the aisles there were some two dozen or more persons, chiefly women of Mexican appearance, at their morning devotions, in which Harry participated, until the priest, having finished, arose, and observing Harry, beckoned him toward him, when they emerged through the side door and directed their footsteps toward the town.

"I am acquainted," said he, "with the government agent of the transport steamers, and I believe I can secure for you what you desire; besides, he will give you a letter to the purser of the steamer that touches at Brazos, which will carry you as far as New Orleans. Once there, you will have no difficulty in securing a passage home to your people."

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The proposal being so generous, Harry expressed his warmest thanks for the kind offer.

"Perhaps you would like to visit the hospital before leaving and witness the horrors of the battle of the night?" asked the padre.

As Harry had no desire to witness the sufferings of his fellow-mortals, he politely declined the offer, which answer rather pleased the benevolent padre, for he remarked, "Blessed be those who neither hear nor see, and can yet feel for the sufferings of their brothers!"

They arrived at the steamship landing, where all was bustle and confusion. Men were busily engaged in loading the steamer, "General Holcomb," which was advertised to sail that evening for Brazos, and which would take, in addition to her cargo, two companies of United States troops.

The padre inquired among the men of the steamer for the agent, whom he shortly found, and, making known the object of his visit, was met with a cordial response in the affirmative. The agent invited him into his office, where the necessary papers were handed Harry, who re-

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turned thanks for the kindness. The priest and Harry then retired for a moment's conversation and to take a last farewell of each other.

"My son," said the padre, "we are soon to part. The mission that Divine Providence has charged you with has been fulfilled. The evidence of eternal life has been vouchsafed to you, and such evidence as few men have ever yet received. And now, as I return to you this sacred emblem, look on it as a gift from Almighty God, as the key that unlocked the gates of eternity that stand ajar for you when your time shall come to enter. It was once yours, and since that time has passed through the grave and the gates of death to again join you. Take it, and may God's blessing go with you and it."

As the priest concluded he handed to Harry the Agnus Dei. The emotions of the padre were now becoming too noticeable, and grasping him by the hand, Harry bade him an affectionate farewell and at once reported to the purser for duty.

The "General Holcomb" left Brownsville that evening at seven o'clock, with two companies of

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United States troops destined for their homes in the States. The best of feeling was manifest among the men on board the steamer, for on the way down the Rio Grande to Brazos they indulged in singing, card-playing and other games in a manner that only soldiers can enjoy when not engaged in the pastime of shooting at each other. The steamer had gone about forty miles toward the ocean when a French corvette was sighted coming toward Matamoras. The "General Holcomb" kept toward the Mexican side of the river in order to allow the corvette to pass. At that instant a heavy volley of musketry was fired across the bows of the American steamer at the men on the deck of the gunboat. The French marines were taken by surprise, for several men were seen to fall where they stood.

The officer in command mounted the quarter-deck and signalled the engineer to slow down while the men were called to action. All the while the Mexicans were firing rapidly from the bluff and from behind trees where they were concealed. The French sailors were cursing

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vigorously at the "cowardly action," as they termed it, of the Mexicans, for the Frenchmen were unable to bring their guns to bear upon their concealed foe.

The corvette having passed by under a galling fire, the "General Holcomb" then swung out and proceeded to her destination.

Brazos was reached without any further incident, and the steamer for New Orleans being there in waiting, the troops made a hasty embarkation. The mail and freight having been rapidly transferred, Harry was soon again on his way to New Orleans.

Twenty years after found Harry in California, having settled in San Francisco. While strolling along Market street he read on a large billboard, placed in front of a hall, a notice announcing that Emma Harding Brittain would lecture on "Spirit Life" in that hall the same evening. Thither he went at the hour named, and took his seat among the audience.

The hour arrived for the lecturer to commence her evening's discourse, when a lady

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known as Mrs. ——— was announced to give tests of the presence of spirits.

This lady took her seat on the platform, and a table was brought and placed in front of her. She proceeded to address some remarks to the audience, asking them to remain quiet. After a few moments loud raps could be heard emanating from the table, and the lady at once called out the name of "Harry Talbot," and inquired if such a person was in the room. Harry responded in the affirmative, when the lady said: "There are two spirits here who wish to talk with you." Harry at once asked the names of the spirits, when she announced the names of "John and William Harrold." This startling declaration took Harry by surprise, for he was sure there was no person in the room with the faintest knowledge of the names referred to. He asked the medium what was wanted of him by the supposed spirits. The medium then answered that the spirits wished to talk with him. He asked what relation they were to him, when the medium commenced to write, and read off from a slip of paper, "Your cousins." And

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again the table was rapped upon in a very loud manner, being distinctly heard in every part of the large hall.

Harry then asked: "What was the manner of their death?" when the medium again wrote, "Shot." He then asked if there was any sign by which he could be convinced of that fact, when the medium wrote out the following: "You should be convinced of the truth of the circumstance, for you were made aware of the full particulars, and you have now in your possession the greatest proof that it is so."

"To what do you refer?" was then asked.

The table raps then came very violently, while the medium was engaged in writing, and she read aloud: "The emblem you received in New York some twenty years ago."

Believing that it might be some trick of mind-reading, Harry was unwilling to give up the evidence he held, and asked further: "Where is that to which you refer?" When the medium again wrote: "In your possession, dear cousin. Look for us some time in the future."

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The medium then said: "That is all, except you have some announcement to make."

Harry was by this time like one bereft of reason. He was loth to make known the fact of the emblem being then in his possession, and he cudgeled his brain as to what was the best thing to do. This startling incident had caused the cold perspiration to ooze out of every pore; and, never having attended any of the so-called spiritualistic seances, he became bewildered by this strange experience. What to do, under the circumstances, he did not know. He wished time to consider, although a powerful influence was urging him to announce the fact that he had the emblem in question in his possession. "No," he said to himself, "I will refrain from saying aught at this time. There may be some trick about all this, and time will give an opportunity perhaps to unravel the mystery." Miss Britatin then came on the platform, and, assuming an attitude as of one in a trance, proceeded to deliver a highly instructive discourse. Harry found himself at the close of the lecture in anything but a complaisant frame of mind. He would say to himself: "Where did that woman

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get that astounding information I have listened to? Am I in a dream, or do my senses lead me rightly? And she said, "Look for us some time in the future," meaning my cousins. What could it all mean? Certainly the information is undubitably true, and if I compare it with the visit of my two cousins to my grandmother in the company of the Spanish priest, of which she told me, and which was about the time they had received their death wounds, it is still more astounding. I cannot understand it at all," said he, "and I must get rid of all thoughts of the subject, or it will distract me."

This was Harry's condition of mind for weeks and months, and his thoughts became so burdensome that at times he was well-nigh delirious. The thoughts of that evening lingered with him so long that he contracted a nervous illness that threatened at times to terminate in death.

He would mutter to himself while in the hospital the words of the medium: "Look for us some time in the future;" and again his thoughts would return to the visit of his cousins as related by his grandmother. "Can it be," he inwardly

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said, that they will visit me as they did her? Will they come again in the flesh? Shall I indeed see them? Or does it mean beyond the grave?"

For several weeks his condition was anything but reassuring, and his friends began to despair of his recovery; but by careful nursing he was brought round to a condition of convalescence.

For many months after his recovery he could scarcely rid himself of the feelings he experienced at the lecture of Miss Brittian. He would try to drive it from his mind by giving attention to other things connected with his business, but the ominous remark, "We will visit you some time in the future" ever haunted him.

About this time the report of rich gold and silver discoveries in Idaho attracted his attention; and, believing that a change of climate would be beneficial, he put his affairs in order and started for the new land of promise.

Arriving in Portland, he made the acquaintance of Captain John Hinds, an old Californian and experienced miner. After thoroughly discussing with him the probable prospects, they

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concluded to go into partnership and see what they could do in the new Eldorado.

Captain Hinds arranged his Portland business in a satisfactory manner, and the following day Harry and his newly found business partner were on the train speeding toward Idaho, which they reached after a ride of sixty hours. Arriving at Rathdrum, they lost no time in proceeding to Lake Cœur d'Alene, where they took the steamer for the new town of Wardner. After a delay of several days for the purpose of making inquiries concerning things in general, they set out for the hills, having provided themselves with mining implements and pack animals.

In a few days they were camped on one of the streams of the south fork of the Cœur d'Alene river, where they prospected and found favorable indications. Having decided to try their luck here for a time and see what fortune might have in store for them, they at once proceeded to build a log house, and in due time had the satisfaction of finding themselves in a comfortable miner's home.

Being prepared to remain there a considerable

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time, they labored earnestly day after day, always hoping that the morrow would bring forth some rich discovery that would enable them to live in luxury the remainder of their lives.

A month had thus passed, when it became necessary to replenish the food supply, and the captain, expressing a desire to "go below"—a term used when speaking of the little mining town of Wardner—Harry assented, and the following morning the pack animals were put in readiness, and the captain took his leave, promising to return within a week.

The nearest camp to the one occupied by the captain and Harry was about ten miles distant, for as yet there had not been a very large influx of prospectors. Harry, being provided with all the necessaries requisite for his maintenance until the return of his partner, was reconciled to the circumstances in which he found himself, as the adventurous gold miner has usually a large share of hope.

The day after the captain's departure Harry was up bright and early digging away in his

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prospect-hole, with no one for company save the birds and the wild animals. Nevertheless, he was cheerful; and to beguile the time, he would occasionally sing some song he had learned years before away in New York. At night he would take up a volume of Macaulay's Essays, and read until tired nature intimated that it was time to retire. He would then lay aside the book, draw his blankets around him, and fall into an undisturbed slumber until the morning.

On the morning of the third day after the departure of the captain, and just after breakfast, Harry was surprised at the sudden appearance of two young men at the door of his cabin. After exchanging salutations, they inquired if they could get some breakfast; they had come a long journey and were tired. Harry requested them to enter and be seated while he prepared breakfast, apologizing for not having something better to offer them than bread, bacon and coffee. He got together as good a meal as he could, and placed it before his guests.

While the strangers were eating, Harry kept up a conversation in regard to the hopes he and

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his partner entertained of striking it rich, and made inquiries of his guests as to where they expected to pitch their tent. To these inquiries the strangers gave evasive answers, remarking that the country was entirely new to them, and that wherever were offered the best inducements there they hoped to remain.

While they were engaged in eating, Harry was keenly eyeing the visitors, and the more he looked upon them the more he thought he recognized in them something that was familiar to him. Their appearance tallied in many particulars with something he had noticed about his lost cousins. The voices of the two were singularly alike. He said to himself: "They are too youthful looking to be prospecting for gold; besides, they have no blankets—a singular way to go prospecting." He observed to the elder of the two, "Did you bring any blankets with you?"

"No," was the reply; "we thought we might strike something without going any great distance, and if we did, we would return and get supplies. We came by the way of Wardner this morning, and, hearing that your camp was

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in this region, we thought we should get here in time to be with you for breakfast. We shall rest a while, do a little prospecting, and return."

All this time Harry was observing them, and the more he looked the more puzzled he became. "May I ask," said he, "which is your native State?"

"New York," was the reply.

"Have you been out here long?"

"No; we have only been in this part of the country a short time."

"Do you think you will remain long?"

"No, if we do not meet with success."

"Well," said Harry, "I hope you may be successful."

"Thank you for your good wishes. We will look into your prospect-hole, if you don't mind."

"Certainly not," answered Harry, while he remained in the cabin to clear away the dishes, and put the culinary utensils in their proper places.

The strangers were standing at the door of the cabin when the request was made to inspect the prospect-hole; and Harry, believing that they

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would remain a short while to discuss with him probabilities, as is the custom among miners, especially under such circumstances, paid no thought to the matter when they left the cabin. But his astonishment was great when, upon looking out of the cabin, his visitors were nowhere to be seen.

The distance from the cabin to the prospect-hole was not more than a hundred feet, and, being situated upon the side of a long mountain range, took in the whole expanse of the valley, and the side hills. The visitors were nowhere to be seen or heard. The earth seemed to have swallowed them.

Harry jumped into the prospect-hole and thought no more of his visitors, as he did not doubt they would return by and by; he had perhaps remained longer in the cabin washing the dishes than he was aware of. He toiled on throughout the day, only stopping at noon long enough to prepare himself a small luncheon. Night found him again in his cabin perusing the well-thumbed leaves of Macaulay, after he had partaken of his evening meal; for

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it had been his custom for years to read for an hour or so before retiring at night.

As he lay on his couch he mused to himself: "Well, those fellows took a very abrupt leave of me, to be sure. They might have said good-bye, at least, before leaving; but perhaps they were just out here to see what prospects we had, and report it, if it was a rich one, to some of their pals, with the intention, who knows, to jump the claim. Well, if they have seen anything to tempt their avarice, they have seen more than we have yet. But there was something very strange about them, for they appeared to have very little to say. Perhaps they might be fugitives from the sheriff, and committed some crime, from the consequences of which they were fleeing." These and many thoughts of a like nature were passing through his brain as he blew out the light and settled himself down for his night's rest.

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PART FOURTH.

The wind commenced to rise, and the dark clouds looked threatening, as though a storm in the mountains were imminent. Harry was afraid his partner might be caught in it, and he said to himself: "The captain will have reached Wardner to-night, and may venture to return. I hope not; but the captain is a man who will take risks, and there is no telling what he will do. I hope he will not say that we have a bonanza up here and tempt a lot of those camp-followers of mining regions to pay us a visit; for if we should strike it rich there's no saying what those cut-throats might do to us, even on the strength of a joking report. And how easy it would be to get rid of a man out here in this primitive region, where one might be murdered and no clew ever found to the assassin. Well, I hope everything will be all right, and that the captain will return safe and sound."

The storm had now increased in fury, and the rain poured down in torrents, and the loud,

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reverberating thunder could be heard among the mountains. The flashes of lightning lit up the little cabin as it shone through the opening that was intended for a window, and Harry, feeling himself safe from the storm, closed his eyes in slumber.

He did not dream that on the morrow he would disclose a treasure in his prospect-hole that might make him another Monte Cristo; neither did he dream of the scenes of his boyhood or the thousand other vagaries that crowd the human mind in moments of deep repose; but he did dream of a scene in which his two cousins and the Agnus Dei played a part, and every feature of the dream has left an indellible tracing upon his mind.

The dream, or vision, was as follows: He was visited by the two men who had taken breakfast with him that morning, and they said if he would get up and come with them they would show him a prospect that would far surpass the one he was working.

"Why," said he, "have you been successful?"

"Yes, and we wish to show you our gratitude

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for your kindness this morning. We had not forgotten you, as you will know when you come with us; so hurry up and come along."

Harry then dressed himself and prepared to go with his companions of the morning. As they journeyed they came to a graveyard, and they stood by a newly made grave.

"Jump in," said the two visitors.

"I can see nothing here," said Harry, "to arouse my appreciation, and I decline."

After a little urging they asked him to follow them, and they at once descended into the grave, Harry following. Instantly they were traveling through the air, as it appeared to Harry; upward and upward they went until the earth appeared like a small speck in space. Presently there appeared before them a beautiful street, lined with the most stately and superb mansions that was ever the lot of mortal eyes to behold. There was not an inhabitant in sight; the houses all appeared to be vacant, and the street was endless. Look as far as he could, the stately grandeur of those magnificent palaces was always before him. The three rested to contemplate the scene.

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"Why are those beautiful houses vacant?" asked Harry; "where are the tenants?"

"Oh, they have not come yet," was the reply.

"But you told me you would show me a prospect; where is it?"

"You are looking upon it," was the response.

"Why, what do you mean? I am at a loss to understand you."

"You have a prospect in those buildings you so much admire" was the answer.

Just then a light shone out of one of the windows, and the most delightful music was heard.

"There," said Harry, "there is some one in that building."

"Yes," came the reply, "the tenant has just arrived."

"But, pray tell me, why have you brought me here?"

"Because we had promised to do so. Do you remember your last remark to your cousin?"

"I do; it was in New York when I gave him the Agnus Dei as he was about to sail for New Orleans. I said, 'Till next we meet; it may be

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the means of identifying you, should anything happen.'"

"Look upon this," said the younger, as he appeared in the habilaments of the dead, pulling aside the raiment that covered his breast; and there upon his neck was the identical emblem.

"But," replied Harry, "I have had that in my possession these many years. How did you come by it?"

"You placed it there."

"Then," said Harry, "you are my lost cousins?"

"Not lost, dear Harry, but gone up higher."

"William, if I am not dreaming, give me another proof."

At this, again he removed the covering from his breast, and exposed the wound that Harry had seen so plainly on his body in the coffin at Matamoras.

"How shall I be convinced," said Harry, "that I have not been dreaming?"

"By the absence of this," he said, pointing to the Agnus Dei, "when you come to look for it; but it will be again restored to you, and the manner of its return will be as singular as the

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manner of its recovery. The time has now about arrived when you must return, and we will accompany you to the place where you left the world."

"Left the world?" repeated Harry.

"Yes, you came here through the grave, and when you come again to remain you will come through the grave—the exit from death into life."

They arrived again at the grave; and his companions, addressing Harry, said: "Good-bye, dear cousin, and watch for the return of the Agnus Dei."

The morning was approaching, and, the storm of the night having subsided, Harry awoke feeling like one who had passed a disagreeable night. The first thing he did on awakening was to look for the Agnus Dei in his pocket-book, where he had carried it for years, and, to his astonishment, it was gone. This was the first time it had been out of his possession since he had received it from the Spanish padre at Matamoras.

Harry awoke from what he was sure was a

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dream. "But," he mused, "they told me the Agnus Dei would be missing on my return, and, sure enough, it is gone. I must have been away from my body. What has been away from my body?" he would ask himself. "There is some remarkable mystery here, surely."

Again he would look into his pocket-book, turning it upside down and inside out, in his endeavors to prove the unreality of his dream; but nowhere could he find a trace of the lost emblem. During his bewilderment, he recalled the language of the medium at the lecture he attended by Emma Harding Brittain in San Francisco. Let him try ever so much, he could not erase from his mind the solemnity and mysterious depth of the vision that had so vividly appeared to him.

"Can it be," he would ask himself, "that there is a connection between what I believe to have been a dream and what was told me by the medium in San Francisco? It certainly looks like it; the connection seems apparent enough; yet I cannot permit myself to believe that the emblem has disappeared by any such agency as

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revealed in the dream. I must have mislaid it at some time when my mind was preoccupied. It will turn up all right in some place where it has been mislaid; but I am grieved lest it should be hopelessly lost." Thus Harry mused while rummaging among his property in the cabin to find the missing Agnus Dei.

It was now broad daylight, and he arose and set about to get ready his breakfast. "I wonder if the captain was out in the storm last night?" he would say to himself, as he gave the frying bacon a turn with his fork or put a fresh piece of wood on the fire. "If he was, he must have had a terrible drenching, as the river below is swollen, and is running at a brisk rate this morning. I will go out and see if it has washed down any of the earth into the prospect-hole. Perhaps it may have disclosed the presence of a rich pocket. Mining is just like a lottery anyhow."

He sauntered toward the hole in the side of the mountain where the captain and he had been trying to wrench from nature some of her hidden treasures. With the exception of a small

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amount of water, he found the hole all right, and the earth around it the same as when he had left it the night before. After breakfast he returned to the prospect-hole and devised a plan for draining the water from it that had gathered during the storm. Digging a trench from the outer edge of the mountain-side toward the prospect-hole, he soon had the water from it running down toward the river.

He continued to work as usual since the departure of the captain, anxiously awaiting his return. As he threw out the shovelfuls of earth he mused upon the lonesomeness of life without a companion. Under similar circumstances the companionship, when there is any, is generally that of a man; but to have had the cheering company of a woman away in that lonely spot, seemed to him a condition of bliss almost unattainable. In exchange for that indescribable charm which the presence of woman frequently brings with it, he would cheerfully have dug in the earth and shared equally with her all the gold it would yield. Harry's was a genial, sociable nature, and now that he was, for the first

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time, experiencing the want of companionship, he grew to look upon woman as the most precious of all God's works.

"Well, to-morrow the captain will be back, and I'll forget that I am alone, and I'll work the harder," he said to himself.

As might be expected, his mind naturally reverted to the experiences of the night before, and he longed for the return of the captain, that he might relate to him his extraordinary dream, and hear what he had to say thereto.

The morning came, but the captain came not with it; and, as one day's work was but a repetition of another, he went forth again to the prospect-hole and shoveled the earth out as before. The days and nights went by until the sixth day, when the voice of the captain could be heard a long distance down the mountain calling "Hey, ho, Harry! Hey, ho, Harry!" There could be no mistake; it was, indeed, the captain with his pack animals loaded with enough provisions to last four weeks, if not more. Who could tell but that may be good luck would come to them before it became necessary to send again

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after a fresh supply? The prospect-hole would be enlarged at all events; they might strike a rich pocket, and thereby realize sufficient to enable them to live in easy circumstances for the remainder of their lives; or they might sell out to some enterprising speculator for a good sum and make good investments elsewhere.

This was the drift of Harry's thoughts as he watched the captain coming up the mountain with his two pack animals carrying flour, meal, rice, coffee, bacon, pans, pots and all the paraphernalia of a miner's cabin equipment.

"Well, I'm glad you've returned," was Harry's greeting. "I looked for you yesterday, and wondered why you delayed so long; but I suppose the storm was the cause. I might have known you would not venture out in that storm if it was anything like so violent in the valley as it was up here. However, I am very pleased at your safe return, for I suppose you have had no mishap since you left."

"None whatever," was the captain's reply. "I hope you fared equally well while I was away."

"Yes, if hard work and a good appetite may

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be considered favorable conditions, then I have fared well," said Harry, as they unhitched the girth-straps of the animals and relieved them of their load. "But come, I was just about to sit down to breakfast when I heard your voice below. Let the animals wander among the timber—they will find plenty to eat—while we go in and have breakfast; you must be tired."

They entered the cabin and took seats by the fire while they ate breakfast, for the mornings in the mountains of Idaho are quite chilly; and this morning was no exception.

"Well," said Harry to the Captain, when they had each finished a cup of coffee, "I had a very strange experience since you left me."

"Indeed," replied the captain, "I hope you made a rich find."

"No, not quite that. Nevertheless, it was a find in its way; and one that I shall always remember.

"The following morning after your departure two young men called at the cabin just as I had finished breakfast, and asked for something to eat, remarking that they were very tired. I

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gave them as good a breakfast as I had to give, which they appeared to enjoy. While they were eating breakfast, we talked about things in general, and they informed me they were from New York, and were out on a prospecting expedition.

"After breakfast they remarked that they would go and look at the drift we were making while I was clearing away the dishes, which took but a minute or two; and what do you think? When I went out to look for them, they were gone, and I could find no trace of them. They disappeared as though the ground had swallowed them."

"Well," replied the captain, "I see nothing in that very strange."

"But here comes the strangest part of it; I dreamed that night that the two fellows paid me a visit, and took me on a prospecting tour to introduce me to a rich lode, as they said. The lode was a tour in the clouds, where I was shown the grandest buildings that ever mortal eyes rested on. And, in addition, they revealed themselves to me as my cousins, who were shot by

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Maximilian's soldiers many years ago while attempting to escape across the Rio Grande.

"But the most extraordinary thing of all was the disappearance of a religious symbol from my pocket-book that had once been the property of one of my cousins, and which I had carried for many years. I saw the symbol around the neck of the one to whom I had given it in life, and as sure as I am telling it to you, when I awoke it was gone—a circumstance that puzzles me on account of the manner of its revelation."

"Oh," replied the captain, "it was only a dream, and amounts to nothing; you have evidently mislaid the symbol, and will find it somewhere among your effects."

"I would not lose it," said Harry, "for all my earthly possessions. The manner of its coming into my possession the last time places upon it a value inestimable."

"Indeed," said the captain; "an heirloom, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, a priceless one."

"A gift from a mother, a sister or a sweetheart, perhaps?" rejoined the captain.

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"No, but a token from those that are in the grave—a veritable messenger from the world beyond."

"Incredible," remarked the captain. "There is some mystery about it that has undoubtedly preoccupied your mind; and I would advise you to cease the contemplation of such subjects, as no good can come from the investigation of things of such a character. They have no place in nature that the senses are aware of, and therefore should be given no credence."

Harry at once saw the subject was uninteresting to the captain, and therefore referred to it no more.

They walked toward the prospect-hole, intending to begin their day's labor.

The morning sun was well up; the sky was clear, and the indications were that a spell of good weather would follow the storm of a few evenings ago. The captain and Harry had agreed to work late and early till they could get their drift into the mountain-side a hundred feet, where they believed they would reach the deposit that nature had laid away for them in rich auriferous earth.

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At five in the morning they would be ready to commence their day's labor, and darkness would, at times, find them in the drift, working by candle-light. Early and late they toiled unceasingly, now and again washing a pan or two of dirt to see what the indications were, and always hoping for a rich discovery that would realize their most sanguine expectations.

For seven months they worked patiently, but were still unrewarded, when one day at noon a part of their drift caved in, and with it was revealed their long-expected treasure. There, in full view before them, were valuable nuggets, some worth one hundred dollars or more, while smaller ones were lying all around on the surface of the earth that had just fallen.

Dame Fortune, in this instance, had rewarded the pluck and perseverance of Harry and his partner. They patiently gathered together all the rich gravel preparatory to hauling it to the river below to be washed. Several tons were in this way selected and carried by the pack animals to the river. The earth was very rich in gold, and rewarded their labor handsomely—

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enough to enable them to live in luxury for several years. Great was the rejoicing in the little cabin that evening, and much talk was indulged in by Harry and his partner at the suddenness of the find.

"Well," said the captain, "I think our best move would be to stop up the entrance to the hole, and take what dirt we have in sight to the river, and there wash all of it with the arastra before drifting any more. After we have washed up everything on the dump we may not want to go into the hole again for some time. We ought to take a rest."

"If the clean-up is big enough I would not be unwilling to act upon your suggestion," said Harry.

"Well, we'll try, if you are agreed," the captain answered.

"I am satisfied," remarked Harry.

So the following day they closed up the entrance to the prospect-hole with logs and boards, after they had wheeled out all of the pay-dirt they cared to take at that time.

After a clean-up lasting six weeks, they found

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they had thirteen thousand dollars in nuggets, which was a very good result of eight months' labor for two men.

"Well," said the captain, "perhaps we had better go to-morrow to the town and ship the bullion to the mint at San Francisco. We can send it by Wells Fargo Express, and draw on our credit till we get returns."

"I agree with you," said Harry. "We had better go together, and be deaf to all inquiries about the mine."

The next day they started for Wardner with their animals and the precious bullion. When they reached Wardner they went to the express office and deposited their gold, drawing some cash on account in the meantime.

"Well," said Harry, "I am thinking about going to San Francisco, and I would like to draw upon my account of a half-interest in the bullion till my return."

"Certainly," replied the captain. "We will now see what our expenses have been and determine the amount belonging to each."

So they arranged a satisfactory settlement,

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and Harry took the train the same day for San Francisco.

Seven days after his departure he arrived in San Francisco. He troubled himself about nothing in particular, as his chief object was to recuperate his exhausted energies. He made many acquaintances—for he was of an inquiring turn of mind—and among the number was a physician who was also very successful as a hypnotist. Every day he would have in his office on Market street one or more subjects for hypnotic experiment, and often invited Harry to his rooms to witness the extraordinary phenomena of hypnotism. These invitations were gladly accepted.

Strange and bewildering were the scenes he witnessed there, some of which were marvels of mental percipiency; and antics the most ludicrous were performed with the utmost gravity. There was no opportunity for deception, for the subjects had to undergo crucial tests to determine their condition at every stage of the proceedings. Old, middle-aged and young subjects were all put through the same ordeal, and all

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gave satisfactory proof of their hypnosis while under the influence of the operator. The tests were singularly free from deception, as evidenced by the rigorous treatment the subjects received. There was no mistaking the influence at work in the minds of the subject; such as calling the time by a hidden watch, reading through a board, describing articles in other rooms, their location, etc.; drinking strong purgatives for wine, riding for miles on the cars with no knowledge of their whereabouts, and many other extraordinary manifestations. But the most marvelous of all was the telling of the circumstance of the loss of the Agnus Dei; the history that surrounded it; its restoration to the owner; where it could be found, and many other revelations of quite a startling nature.

The doctor for a long time had been a strong opponent of the hypnotic theory, regarding it as utterly unworthy the attention of reputable physicians; but by a careful study of the experiments of the Mesmer School, he gradually relaxed this opposition, and attempted experiments himself on some of his patients, until he became con-

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vinced that he was in the presence of a force of unbounded possibilities. The development of his own power over his subjects was at times wonderful, and he would call in other physicians to witness the extraordinary results of his investigations. There seemed at times to be no limit to the power he possessed over some of the subjects.

His method was to make the subject look upon a bright object, after the manner of Baird, the eminent English physician, whose works he had carefully studied, as well as those of Moll, Bjornstrom, Bene and Frere, and others equally celebrated in hypnotic science. He seldom used the passes of the Mesmer school when operating upon the subject, but would sit immediately in front of the patient and concentrate his gaze upon the eyes of the person to be hypnotized, and was invariably successful within the space of ten, or, at most, twenty minutes.

The subject would go into a sleep, when the doctor would command him to do anything, he (the doctor) might suggest and would be at once obeyed. Afterwards the lethargic condition

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would be invoked, when more startling evidences of the power of the operator would at once be revealed; then the cataleptic, which condition was like death itself, until at times the witnesses would become alarmed lest the hypnosis should prove fatal. Only twice did he attempt this in the presence of Harry, and on the same subject because, as he said, "it might prove fatal to a highly nervous patient;" but the subject he operated on was apparently a vigorous one. As he paid them liberally for their attendance, they voluntarily submitted to the ordeal, being fully apprised of the consequences.

He would pick from the hundreds that answered his advertisements those whom he found the most susceptible; and, having large numbers to make his selection from, he usually got some good subjects—that is, persons who seemed to be possessed of a faculty to read the past and present, and of doing other wonderful things, of which (in his normal condition), is incapable. These he would engage to come to his rooms, and rarely were the manifestions not beyond his most sanguine expectations.

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After witnessing several of these exhibitions of the power of the mind under hypnotic influence, Harry requested the doctor to ask the subject he was operating on one morning if it would be agreeable to her if he should take hold of her hand while under the influence. The doctor and Harry wanted to find out whether the influence could be transmitted from the person who was hypnotized to another who was not. To this the lady agreed in the presence of her friends.

All being in readiness, the guests withdrew to the waiting-room, while the doctor was left alone with the subject, and, in accordance with an understanding, the guests were to return when the subject was well under the power.

Ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes had passed before the doctor gave the signal to enter the room, but when he did the subject was in deep slumber. Harry approached her and took both her hands in his in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen assembled, and there was witnessed a scene that baffles description. A newspaper was then held in front of Harry, from

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which he read mentally. The subject being asked to tell her thoughts, she at once began to read aloud the identical language that Harry was reading mentally from the paper, stopping when he would stop. Then he would fix his gaze upon some object in the room, and she being asked to describe what she saw, she would at once give the name of the article and describe all its features.

The doctor would then lay his hand upon her head and think, and she would at once tell his thoughts in answer to a question. His hand would now be laid upon the head of Harry, and she would again tell his thoughts.

During the course of the experiments, Harry's thoughts wandered to the scene of the parting with his cousins, and at once she commenced to describe the sea voyage, the storm, the weeping of the passengers, the praying, and then she cried aloud: "Agnus Dei! Agnus Dei!" She pulled one hand away and placed it on her heart as though in great pain; then she seemed to be dizzy and showed all the signs of one approaching death—now she is in repose, and looks like

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one in sleep; nearer and nearer are the signs of dissolution.

"She is dying," said a bystander.

"No; be quiet," answered the doctor.

In this condition she remained some few minutes, while Harry held her hands, and the perspiration rolled down his face, for he instinctively realized that he was witnessing the death of his cousins in another body. Again she relapses and commences to speak: "Come with me and I'll show you a good prospect." Recognizing the language as that of the visitor in the mountains of Idaho, Harry asked: "Shall I go?"

"Yes, of course," she replied.

Then his thoughts wandered to the dream he had while in his cabin; and she resumed: "These houses are all awaiting tenants, but you must go, dear cousin, and the Agnus Dei will be returned."

"Where shall I find it?" asked Harry.

"Be assured that you will find it before the end of the week, as it is now among your effects."

"What is she talking about?" said a bystander; "does any one know?"

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"Mr. Talbot," said the doctor, "I think can explain the drift of the conversation. He appears to comprehend it all."

"Yes," answered Harry, "I am hearing a revelation."

"Does it concern yourself," said another.

"Oh, yes," replied Harry, "and several others, and what she has already said is known to no living person except myself. It seems incredible that she could gather what she has already said from any thoughts that are at present in my mind, as I was not thinking at the time of any incident connected with what she has told me."

During this colloquy Harry had taken his hands from those of the lady, and she was sitting as before in a deep slumber.

The doctor then stated that he would try her with another test. He requested the company to go into another room, but left the folding doors open. He proposed to go through the details of a mimic murder, and he told the subject to observe closely everything that was passing around her. Calling Harry into the room, he bade him lie down on the operating table as

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though his intent was to murder and dissect him. The subject evinced the utmost horror while the murder was being committed, and was in great terror; so much so so that it became necessary to remove the influence, which the doctor did by striking a bell a hard blow with a hammer in proximity to her ear.

She was then asked to tell all she had witnessed while in the hypnotic state. She commenced in the order of the visions that presented themselves to her by describing the storm at sea, and hearing the voice call out "Agnus Dei." Then she told of the shooting of the two cousins of Harry, exactly as it was told by the Spanish priest. She also described the disinterment of the body in the search for the symbol; then recounted the visit of the two young men in the miners' cabin in the mountains of Idaho; their disappearance, and the meeting again; the recognition and the loss of the symbol as accurately as though she had been an eye-witness of the entire scene. Then followed a vivid and impressive recital of the murder, with a correctness of detail as though she herself had been the perpetrator.

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"Were you dreaming all this?" said the doctor.

"I really can't tell whether you call it a dream or not, but it was all very vivid to me," she replied.

"When did you dream all this that you have told us?"

"I do not know that I quite understand your question," answered the subject.

"When did it all occur to you for the first time?" asked the doctor.

"I don't even know that, but it seems to me that what I have told you were the latest impressions my mind received," said the subject.

"Then you have merely stated the last impressions your mind took cognizance of?"

"Exactly."

The doctor was disguised while enacting the murder scene. "Could you," he asked of the subject, "identify the party or parties whom you saw commit the murder?"

"I am certain I could" was the reply.

The doctor then induced the hypnotic sleep, and, appearing in the garb he had worn while enacting the murder, the lady was told to "look

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for the murderer." She at once identified him in the disguise, announcing his presence in the group.

Harry wondered whether the story of the return of the Agnus Dei, that he had heard from her lips, would come true, or by what method of reasoning she had so accurately told the extraordinary story he had heard. He was puzzled for a solution.

The subject was again awakened, and a visitor asked the doctor why it was the percipient could not distinguish the perpetrator of the supposed murder while awake. To this the doctor made no reply.

A few days afterwards Harry received a note from the doctor to call at his office, as he would have another subject, and he desired him to aid him in the exhibition. This time the subject was to be a man whom the doctor had previously experimented with, and he desired that Harry should, in the presence of a number of medical gentlemen, take the subject, after being hypnotized, for a ride. He was to tell the patient when they reached their destination to hide a

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pocket-book that was stolen (supposedly) and contained a large amount of money, and the following day he would return for it.

The subject being hypnotized in the presence of the assembled gentlemen, he was given a strong dose of Epsom salts and told that it was wine, which he drank with evident relish, expressing a wish to repeat the dose, as he smacked his lips in appreciation. Pins and needles were inserted in his flesh to prove that he was in an abnormal condition, to all of which he was completely oblivious.

A pocket-book was then given him with instructions to hide it somewhere in Golden Gate Park, and told to be sure and return it the following day at eleven o'clock. All being in readiness, Harry was then told to wake him up at some convenient place after the pocket-book had been hidden. Together they descended the stairs, and Harry, hailing a passing car, they both boarded it and proceeded toward Golden Gate Park. A silk handkerchief was bound around his eyes to divert suspicion as to his real condition.

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The park was entered at the Geary-street entrance, and, after a short walk, Harry said: "Here is a good place to hide that pocket-book." The subject at once passed in among some trees and secreted the pocket-book, after which they again boarded the cars and returned toward the city. Alighting at the corner of Powell and Geary streets, they walked toward Union Park, and there Harry awoke him, removing the handkerchief.

The surprise that was depicted upon the face of the man when he awoke was a study.

"What is the matter?" said he to Harry.

"Oh, nothing," answered Harry, "only I thought you were sick, as you appeared to be sleeping, and I spoke to you, fearing you were unwell."

"Where am I?" he asked.

"At Union Park," was the rejoinder.

"How came I here?"

"You appear to have walked here," said Harry.

"I must have been dreaming. I have no recollection of having walked here. Besides, I

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feel quite well. The whole thing appears very strange."

With this remark he walked away, and Harry returned to the office of the doctor, where he related the circumstances of the trip.

The gentlemen who were present at the time the subject was put under the influence were told to return the following day and watch for the return of the subject. Many of those gentlemen were very skeptical as to the result, but this skepticism was soon turned to a strong belief, when, on the following day, at the appointed time, or shortly thereafter, the person arrived at the doctor's office and brought with him the identical pocket-book. He was asked how he came to bring the pocket-book there, for the doctor denied all previous knowledge of it. The man replied that he was told to bring it, but by whom he could not then say, as he had not heard the party's name.

"Were you told to come to this office?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes, this is the place, I am sure, as I was in here yesterday. You know, doctor," he con-

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tinued, "you told me yesterday to come here and it was here I was told to return the pocket-book."

"Oh, very well, I will keep it, and perhaps the person who has lost it will call for it," said the doctor in response.

In the meantime a telegram had come to the city for Harry from his mining partner in Idaho, proposing to buy out his interest in the mine for a good sum. The offer being satisfactory, it was accepted, and the papers being duly forwarded, the money was paid over at the bank.

The sale of his mining interests left Harry in comfortable circumstances, and he resolved to pursue his inquiries in the domain of hypnotism till he could prove the truth or falsity of the statement made by the lady, while under hypnotic influence, concerning the return of the Agnus Dei.

He daily visited the office of the doctor, hoping to find some new revelation through the aid of the mind of some subject concerning the information he so anxiously sought after:

Experiments were continued at intervals of

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two and three days, the results of which were both humorous and pathetic at times, but always in accord with the will of the operator.

It was only when a highly sensitive subject would be under the influence that any attempt would be made by the percipient to see into the future, or reveal the past, and so extraordinary were the information and answers to questions, that it seemed as though the organs of speech were controlled by the voice of the dead. Names, places, dates and incidents would be given with wonderful accuracy, till those present would marvel at this strange and mysterious power. Who would venture an explanation of this wonderful phenomenon—seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, and speaking with the voice of those who were known to be in the grave?

One day the doctor remarked to Harry that they would step down to the street and find a subject among the passing throng without letting the one he should select know for what purpose he was required; "for," said he, "I can tell by looking into the face of a man or woman, after a brief conversation, whether they will make good hypnotic subjects."

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"By what method do you judge a person's susceptibility?" inquired Harry.

"By no known method, I confess, but I discern it by intuition. That is all the answer I can give or know of to explain the power I possess."

"Have you ever had any failures in your efforts to produce hypnosis?" asked Harry.

"Oh, yes, quite often. There are some people who will make up their minds, when they know the purpose for which they are required, not to be brought under the influence; and thus determined, will baffle the strongest efforts. Ignorance of the effect, combined with fear, keeps them on the alert. With one in this mental attitude all efforts are neutralized, and it is useless to try any further. But here comes a man to whom I will speak. Perhaps he will suit my purpose."

Just then a young man about twenty-four years of age, who was passing along, was called, and the doctor, addressing him as if he was in search of a man to work about his office, soon had the stranger interested. He asked him to

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come into the office and engaged him in conversation. He told him it would be necessary to test his nerves in order to qualify for the position that he desired him to fill. He then requested him to look steadily at a brilliant object that he had suspended from the chandelier. "You must look at it," he said, "for the space of twenty minutes without closing your eyes, and keep your mind concentrated on that object, and nothing else, or we cannot get the result desired."

The doctor then took a seat in front of him and gazed steadily into his eyes, and in fifteen minutes he called Harry into the room, when the stranger was to all appearance in deep slumber. Then the exhibition commenced. The stranger was made to do a number of ludicrous things, the doctor laughing the while at the singular scene he himself had brought about.

After experiments of this kind he would awake the subject, telling him that he feared his nerves were not strong enough, and then dismiss him.

These scenes would generally last from one to two hours, and in every instance were very instructive, owing to their truthfulness and the absence of all means of deception.

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"Could you will a subject to commit a crime?" inquired Harry.

"I certainly could," was the reply, "all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, and I will prove it by a subject who will be here tomorrow."

The following day a number of visitors were invited to witness a proof of the doctor's assertion, the subject being a young man about twenty years of age, but strong and well in body and of good general appearance. At ten o'clock he called at the office, eleven being the hour at which those invited were to assemble. This would give the doctor an hour to operate upon the subject.

At the appointed time the visitors were all in waiting, the doctor then having the subject under complete control. The young man was told that a man was in the room who had accused him of a very serious crime against his family, and had come to kill him, and it was his duty to defend himself. The story of the crime of which he was accused was related to him, and he was told that the man who intended to mur-

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der him would be in the room alone when he woke up, and that he should attack him. The visitors then withdrew to an adjoining room, and the subject was awakened. He at once attacked the doctor, who eluded capture by dodging behind lounges and other articles that were in the room. The subject was then arrested by a pretended police officer who was among the visitors, and with whom it was arranged that he should come to the rescue of the doctor.

There was no mistaking the intent of the would-be murderer, as he was terribly in earnest, and not until he was calmed and again hypnotized did the influence pass away. This was a demonstrable proof of the power of an evil suggestion, and was conceded by all present to be a proof of the doctor's assertion that crimes can be induced by the aid of hypnotism. "Thus," said the doctor, "were it suggested to him to go into the next room and destroy the occupant, or even the first person he met in the hall, he would have attacked them with any deadly weapon in his possession, and not until the

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influence wore off, or he was re-hypnotized would he be free from the evil suggestion." All this seemed quite reasonable in the light of what had just been witnessed.

Some three months had passed away, during which time Harry seldom visited the doctor's office, as that person had taken a vacation, and left for the interior to recreate and enjoy a hunting and fishing season. Observing one day an announcement that a noted spiritualistic lecturer from the East was to appear at Metropolitan Hall, in conjunction with the lady who had told about the death of his cousins when he attended Emma Harding Brittain's lecture, he determined to go, and perhaps he might hear more of the mystery in which he was so much interested. So thither he betook himself one night.

The hall was filled with a very select audience, the lecturer, a gentleman of middle age, having a high reputation, this fact evidently being the cause for so large a gathering.

The lecture was preceded as before by a seance by the lady who acted in a like capacity at the lecture by Miss Brittain. A table was placed

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in front of the medium, and everybody being requested to remain quiet, only a few moments had elapsed when the table became visibly agitated and loud raps could be heard distinctly throughout the large hall.

Names, as before, were called out, and answered by people in the audience, the table shaking violently at times when the responses were given. Presently the name of Talbot was called, and Harry, answering to his name, the medium at once commenced to write, informing him that the symbol he had lost would soon be restored to him. He was so dumbfounded by this second presentation of evidence concerning matters pertaining to himself that he declined to ask any further questions.

The lecturer then being introduced, he delivered a masterly presentation of the evidence obtainable through spiritualistic sources relative to a life beyond the grave.

Harry was now more than ever perplexed concerning the return of the Agnus Dei, and more than once did he rummage among his effects to try and discover it, but all to no purpose,

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until he began to despair of the truth of the prediction of the medium, and her alleged "spirit aids."

"Why should I," he said to himself, "concern myself seriously about information gained from such a source? Yet the exactness of the statements uttered by the woman on both occasions disclosed a knowledge of incidents concerning myself that I cannot treat lightly. It looks as though there must be some truth associated with it, and truth must come from a previous knowledge of facts, but how this woman came into the possession of the same is the query that bewilders me. However, I will bide my time for a fulfillment of her prediction, and if that is fulfilled, all argument ceases, and the evidence will be indisputable." Such was Harry's reasoning.

The doctor, having returned from his vacation, experiments in hypnotism were continued as before. The doctor had subjects on each day set apart for experiments, and developed new and interesting phenomena, among others an interesting experiment, information of which

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came through the London *Daily Telegraph*, and which proved highly satisfactory. The results of these experiments were as follows:

ABLE TO TRANSFER LUNACY.

UNCANNY RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT IN HYPNOTISM MADE BY A PARIS DOCTOR.

"A series of very wonderful experiments which have just been concluded by Dr. Luys of Paris, whose observations and discoveries, in connection with magnetism and electricity in relation to hypnotism made a profound impression upon the scientific world some time ago, has led to a remarkable result. The latest discovery establishes the fact that cerebral activity can be transferred to a crown of magnetized iron, in which the activity can be retained, and subsequently passed on to a second person. Incredible as this may seem, Dr. Luys has proved its possibility by the experiment just referred to.

"He placed the crown, which in reality is only a circular band of magnetized iron, on the head

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of a female patient suffering from melancholia, and who had a mania for self-destruction; and with such success was the experiment attended that the patient afterwards could be trusted alone, the crown having cured her of her dangerous tendencies.

"About two weeks afterward, he put the same crown—which meanwhile had been carefully kept free from contact with anything else—on the head of a male patient suffering from hysteria, complicated with frequently recurrent periods of lethargy. The patient was then hypnotized, and he immediately conducted himself in a similar manner to the woman who had previously worn the crown. Indeed, he practically assumed her personality, and uttered exactly the same complaints as she had done. Similar phenomena have, it is reported, been observed in the case of every patient experimented upon. Another experiment shows that the crown retained the peculiar influence imparted to it until it was made red hot."

Among the visitors at the doctor's hypnotic experiments, Professor John H. Carey, formerly

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of the Howard Street Academy, San Francisco, used to be frequently seen, and evinced the greatest interest in all the manifestations.

About this time there came to the city an alleged materialization medium by the name of Littlejohn. He had given several of his so-called physical tests to a number of "believers," who were not slow in pronouncing the effects marvelous. Professor Carey and Harry had determined to pay this wonder-worker in occult science a visit, and try and discover whether the wonders ascribed to Littlejohn were true or not. So together they called upon him at his rooms on Kearny street.

The seance commenced at 8 P. M., and lasted for the space of two hours, and was certainly the grossest charlatanism imaginable, the so-called materializations being nothing but rank imposture. This exhibition quite cooled the ardor of the professor and Harry for any more proofs of spirit life, and not for a long time could either of them be induced to attend a spiritual seance. However, the time came when Professor Carey became quite enthusiastic on the subject, and

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insisted upon Harry accompanying him to a lady medium of recent arrival.

Her education was very meagre, being entirely ignorant of any language except her native tongue. There was nothing whatever about her to attract one's attention, if we may except the coarseness of the features and general contour of the face, bespeaking absence of refinement. Nevertheless, she was a remarkable woman; at least, so said the professor, for she told him, through independent slate-writing, the name of his deceased friend, the time and manner of his death (which was suicide), and his occupation (he was a physician); and all this was written down in the Greek and Hebrew languages, which Professor Carey was familiar with, and the medium absolutely ignorant of.

These evidences of remarkable power attracted the attention of many learned and scientific men, and in a very short time the medium had a large business.

The questions Professor Carey asked were written down on a folding slate, which was held by him during the entire seance, and when

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opened, contained the following questions and answers:

"Write down the name of a deceased friend I have in my mind?" Answer: "John Howard."

"Where did he depart this life?" Answer: "In London, England."

"What was the manner of his death?" Answer: "He died by the violence of his own hand."

"Is your existence as real as it was in the body?" Answer: "More so; to live now is a pleasure."

"What do you think of the philosophy of the modern school?" Answer: "It is all nonsense."

"What do you think of your own writings on heraldry." Answer: "All rot."

"From John Howard to Professor Carey."

There was no possibility for any trickery, as all of the precautions were of a crucial nature, the folded slates being held in full view of Harry and the professor, and not permitted to leave his hands. The test may be considered in the same light as many phenomena of a similar character that are daily occurring throughout the world.

It is not the desire of the writer to attempt

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any explanation of the remarkable occurrences herein related. It is enough to know that they occurred as they are here given, and under the most careful scrutiny, where deception was out of the question. As might be expected, the professor was unable to account for the evidence that was presented to his senses, yet he was unwilling to believe that what he had witnessed was to be accounted for in any other way than by mind-reading, as he was wont to express it. He would not believe that the spirit of his departed friend was the agency through which the information he had received was given; yet he acknowledged that the truth had been told him, but how or whence it came was an enigma to him, and always remained so.

About this time some rumors spread about the city concerning the doctor's experiments with hypnotic subjects. The newspapers took the matter up, and published accounts of scenes that were said to have taken place at the doctor's office. This greatly annoyed the doctor, and ended in the discontinuance of any further experiments.

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In the autumn of 1882 Harry was engaged in Seattle in the publication of a daily newspaper, which he conducted with more or less success for the space of three years, when he again returned to San Francisco and renewed his former acquaintance with the doctor. Conversation naturally arose between them concerning the discontinuance of the hypnotic experiments and other kindred matters, and Harry told the doctor the story of the Agnus Dei, which seemed greatly to interest him. The incident of the voice in the storm, the rattling of the musketry, the finding of the symbol in the room of his grandmother, the visit to Brownsville, the disinterment of the body, and the disappearance of the Agnus Dei from the neck of the youth who wore it—all seemed to impress him deeply. The story of Harry's experiences in the mines in Idaho, the visit of the two strangers, the loss of the symbol, and the language of the medium concerning the recovery of the same were gone over in every detail.

The doctor arose, and, going toward a small drawer, drew out of it the identical pocket-book

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that the hypnotized subject had hidden in Golden Gate Park and returned with the following day. On opening it, he drew from one of its compartments the very symbol that Harry had lost while in the mines of Idaho, with every mark upon it the same as when last in his possession.

"Where did you come into possession of this?" said Harry.

"I am as ignorant on that subject as you are yourself," replied the doctor. "I saw it for the first time only a few days ago, and I conjectured that it might be the property of the subject you accompanied to the Park to hide the pocket-book that was supposed to have been stolen. Thinking that the man might pay me another visit, I carefully placed it in the drawer from which you now saw me take it."

"This is incredible," said Harry. "I am amazed at the fulfillment of the prediction. What have you to say to so startling a sequel? Is it not a wonderful proof of the power that encompasses us all? Let me take it, with the pocket-book that has played so important a part

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in its recovery, for I am now convinced that this is the most conclusive evidence of a life beyond the grave that was ever vouchsafed to mortal man."

The doctor then handed the pocket-book to Harry, who tucked it away carefully in his inner pocket.

"You amaze me," said the doctor, "by the extraordinary nature of the incidents you have related. Is it possible that extra-mundane influence has been at work in accomplishing the results you have been witness of? Where else could the power come from? Although such results, under such circumstances, were only possible through supernatural agency, yet the world would consider any one insane who would endeavor to convince it of the truth of such phenomena."

Such was Harry's reply to the doctor, who, incredulous though he was, nodded his head in acquiescence of the truth of Harry's remark.

"There is profound truth," rejoined the doctor, "in what Hamlet says: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are

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dreamt of in your philosophy.' Yet it would require an avalanche of wonders to convince those whose outlook is so circumscribed that they maintain that no phenomena can occur whose origin is not in matter," rejoined the doctor.

"You are now assaulting the very citadel of the wiseacres, who assume the right to think for the rest of mankind," said Harry.

"And in no profession are the skeptics so numerous as in that of medicine?" rejoined the doctor.

"Your frank avowal does credit to your calling, and deserves a place in the annals of untrammelled liberalism," said Harry.

"Yes," I am aware," said the doctor, "that in my profession there is a tendency to disbelieve anything that is not demonstrable by the hard logic of physical science. That thing which theologians talk so glibly about and call the soul has never yet been seen to enter or depart from its fleshy habitation; it cannot be analyzed by any method we know of; it has no locality within the knowledge of the physical senses,

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and yet the whole human race is asked to accept this doctrine without a particle of evidence to sustain it! No; doctors are not unreasonable, and should not be blamed because they demand a proof for the belief that is asked of them in matters of a spiritual nature.

"Theologians may be right in the inculcating of a belief that claims a crucified Christ as the source of their inspiration; but in the treatment of organic diseases, doctors want to know more than the mere statement of their predecessors that it exists in order to prescribe for it. They want a proof as indubitable as the rotation of the seasons, with all their attendant changes.

"The human mind is now in an advanced stage, compared with what it used to be, and proof of all things is what is now demanded before any acceptance will be tolerated by a discerning and thoughtful public.

"This spirit of investigation is not confined alone to the medical profession, as you indicated in your remarks, but to all classes of people who read and keep abreast of the times, especially in matters assuming to treat of a life beyond the grave.

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"Experiments in hypnotism by the medical profession have given to the world a clearer and more comprehensive knowledge of the subtilty of the human mind, and inexplicable powers of discernment and penetration than was ever dreamt of by the savants of psychic phenomena gone by; and who will venture to say to what discoveries it may reach in the unraveling of the question of the existence of the soul? Of one thing, the world may rest assured, that, whatever conclusions science may come to in its pursuit of the truth of spirit entity, mankind will know that decisions are based upon irrefutable evidence, and that truth is the corner-stone of its conclusions. Science does not say you must have faith; it says 'Here are the proofs, and defy their contradiction.'

"Very true, but science refuses to acknowledge any phenomena that cannot be treated with the known methods of physics. It scorns to recognize results that cannot be reached by the aid of natural appliances.

"Dr. Carpenter, Farraday, and many others eminent in the world of letters are emphatic in

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their opposition to the corroborated proofs that have been alleged by equally eminent men, relative to supernatural phenomena. When such minds, trained in the most exact schools of investigation, oppose each other, where shall the ordinary inquirer seek for reliable proof? The individual must oppose himself to the opinions of even such authority, when his senses have been appealed to by the most demonstrable proof —proof to him as certain as the universe itself. To ascertain that we can be certain of nothing except it be proven by some law of physics, is to assume that everything is of a physical origin, and that science in that department has reached the limit of all possible knowledge."

"The value as evidence of any alleged phenomenon, even though its source be outside of known physical laws, is worthy of a hearing in the court of the world's wisdom; opposition to the contrary notwithstanding," was Harry's reply.

"I agree with you," said the doctor, "but the usages of society are barriers very hard to break down, especially when fortified by the opinions

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of men whose reputations are world-famous for erudition and scholastic attainment. All mankind hopes for a life beyond the grave. It became a part of the nature of the first man, and as man partakes of all the forces of the universe, eternal life was mixed in the scheme of creation; he breathes it; feeds on it, and with his last breath still hopes for it. Even doctors have a lingering desire that it may be so, although you entertain an opposite opinion to that belief. But it may be a wise provision to withhold from the majority of our fellow-men the proof that so many are anxiously seeking, the knowledge that death is but a process of evolution. Man came into the world by a process of pain, and will also depart suffering. Here we see the law of compensation.

"Consciousness came to him by slow process; it developed with the body, the instrument by which it made its presence known; hence we might say it was his spiritual body, the thinking manager of his bodily concerns.

"To prove that there is extraordinary power located in the human body, I will relate an inci-

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dent that occurred in my study, which goes far to prove the truth of what I have just related, concerning developed consciousness.

"A young lady, with whose family I was well acquainted, was accustomed to come to my office for treatment for a very painful and obstinate disease. It was my custom to hypnotize her before attempting a diagnosis or prescribing for her ailment. While in the hypnotic sleep, she would answer questions relative to her condition, describing with great particularity every symptom of her complex ailment, its location and all the minutiæ incident thereto, even to determining the quantity and nature of the medicine to be taken. Her powers of introspection were marvelous.

"At the suggestion of a friend, a scene of a weird nature was enacted before her closed eyes, and which she was told to notice and describe when awakened. The object was to prove that the scene, if accurately described by her, must appear as a dream, for her eyes were closed to all physical objects, and what she beheld must be seen by some other eyes than the physical ones.

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"Accordingly, all arrangements were made for a proof of the anticipated second-sight powers which were supposed to be highly developed in the patient. A pantomimic murder was decided upon, in which the victim was to be killed by strangulation. Then robbery was to end up the mimic tragedy, and the booty secured was to be hidden in some part of the room. Everything being in readiness, the patient was put into a deep somnambulistic state, and impressively enjoined to observe everything that was passing on around her. The mimic strangulation was then enacted, a gentleman present being the supposed victim. The proceeds of the crime were then hidden in a drawer, and the whole scene made as lifelike as possible.

"During the entire time occupied in the carrying out of the murder scene the patient was visibly affected, evidencing strong emotional symptoms, and at times great fear and nervousness, until the weird spectacle was completed, and the supposed ill-gotten gains put away in the drawer of the bureau. Then impressively the subject was commanded to relate, upon awakening, what she saw while asleep.

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"She was aroused easily from her sleep, and at once commenced to describe the scenes she had witnessed—giving every detail of the crime and the place where the plunder was concealed. But the singular part was that she was unable to name the locality; that is, she was uncertain as to the place where the crime was committed. She was not certain that it happened in that room, or where it occurred, but every other circumstance in relation thereto was wonderfully correct, even to the description of the clothing worn by the supposed murderers, but their faces she could not describe with any accuracy.

"Now all this appeared to her as a dream; yet it was an actual occurrence, and as real to her as though her senses were in their normal condition. Here, then, is a proof that awakens speculation as to what dreams are made of—whether we are possessed of a sixth sense, the limit of whose powers none can tell, or whether it is the ego, or real man, spirit or soul, or whatever name you may choose to call it. It nevertheless exists, and claims the attention of all unprejudiced investigators. To allege that the

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results of such crucial tests have no substantial origin in forces unseen or unknown because they cannot be accounted for by the known laws of physics is a haphazard conclusion, and unworthy the scientists of this age."

"Your reasoning is excellent," said Harry; "for are not truths of the greatest importance unfolding daily—truths that were never dreamt of by the millions that have sojourned for a time on this earth? Every invention is the revelation of a new truth; every discovery, whether in mechanics or philosophy, is an additional blessing to the human race. Necessity is the energizing force that unlocks the laboratory of Mother Nature, and takes from her storehouse of mysteries that which the mind of man seeks, to add to the general happiness of his fellowmen. For what, more than any other thing, does he yearn? Is it not for the proof of eternal life? Is it not for the certain evidence that death is but a metamorphosis—a change from one condition of life to a higher and more spiritualized one? Then why should he not be as successful in wresting from nature this proof,

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seeing that it is the greatest of all his necessities, and the absorbing thought of his entire earthly life?

"In the past, the large majority of men have allowed others to think for them, and these were content to follow the old beaten path and flail away at the old rusty platitudes that have done service so long. Progressive thought is raising man out of his old rut and quagmire of inertia; it holds out to him more than a hope. The veil has been raised and his physical eyes have looked behind it into futurity. Gradually this revelation has taken place; the evidence is now overwhelming, and spiritual manifestations cannot now be said to be hallucinations. Greater things are coming, and will continue to come as the necessity arises; for nature does nothing in haste; everything comes in accordance with fixed principles. Discoveries in metaphysics are as important as those in physics, although the former realm has been little prospected in a practical way until the last half-century.

"History records the burning of witches and a thousand horrible punishments that poor human-

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ity was forced to suffer for daring to speak of that which is now the most absorbing topic among the learned of all nations.

"Here, then, we see real progress of the human mind and anxiety to reach the truth; for truth is only found by hard endeavor, as excellence in anything is acquired only by the most rigid self-denial and constant application. So it must ever be. This rule applies to every department of human progress—that truth is only found by steady pursuit. Ever since I heard the voice calling to me from out the storm, and the subsequent evidence of its ominous nature, I have followed with persistency every sign and clew that held out any hope of additional proof and bearing upon the death of my two cousins, and I have been rewarded in the most extraordinary manner, as you yourself have witnessed. Everything has led up to a conclusion that puts the stamp of genuineness upon this weird history, and the singular manner of the whole revelation is nothing short of amazing."

"Your experience, indeed, justifies the conclu-

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sions you have arrived at," replied the doctor. "Such wonderful testimony of the forces that are operating around us must carry great weight, even though it come to us in a shape which some may call questionable. It comes to us, nevertheless, has all the appearance of truth, and is worthy of credence. The testimony of the Spanish priest would be a clinching argument as to the truth of your experience. You have secured his testimony, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Harry, "at the time of leaving Brownsville, he gave me a letter of introduction to the fathers of the church, wherever I could call upon them, relating the circumstance of the finding of the Agnus Dei, and the absence of it from the neck of the youth with whom it was buried, at the time the body was disinterred. I have always had it with me to show to the skeptics, the proof of the remarkable circumstance I have related to you. Here it is; you may read it."

Harry here handed to the doctor the letter, which reads as follows:

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"BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS, Oct. 10, 1867.

"To the Faithful in Jesus, wherever found:

"The bearer of this letter, Mr. Harry Talbot, has in his possession an Agnus Dei, the identity of which I vouch for as having been buried with the body of a young man—his cousin—in the Catholic graveyard at Brownsville, and which was found by him in the room of his grandmother, in the City of New York. By what mysterious agency it was taken from the body of the dead to be discovered in New York, the Almighty alone can reveal.

"That it was buried with the body, my own eyes bear witness, and to the sad story of the circumstances of the death of the wearer.

"Its history is a miraculous one, and for the same should be held in sacred veneration.

"MIGUEL DELORME."

"Have you corresponded with the priest since you last saw him?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes; I wrote two letters to him several years after leaving Brownsville, but got no reply, and I inferred that he must be dead, or he surely would have answered me, as he expressed a

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desire that I should write to him; but I deferred writing, I fear, too long to find him alive, good man that he was."

"Why have you delayed the publication of so extraordinary an experience, and bearing on a question so transcendent in importance?"

"The proper answer to your question for me is that I do not court notoriety. I was always averse to the cultivation of that modern craze of men and women. Although I might gain favorable notice for defending the truth against the aspersions of an intolerant section of the public, still, it is not agreeable to temperaments such as mine. I can assure you I am in no wise desirous of that kind of prominence. Men who are at all of a sensitive disposition do not care to come under the harsh criticism and unjust attacks of a certain class of men, who think that this would have been a much better world if the Almighty had only consulted them at the creation.

"The letter and the Agnus Dei have been to many objects of great interest, and I have frequently had requests for photographs of the

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Agnus Dei from persons who had heard its strange history. In this connection I may state that correspondents to whom I have sent photographs have written to me extolling the miraculous virtues of this sacred symbol. The simple faith of such people will be derided by many. Imagination, it will be said, is the cause of any benefits, physical or mental, they may have received. Be it so; yet it still proves that there is something about the human mind that eludes the materialist; and its depth the plummet of the metaphysician has not fathomed. Naturally, I prize these objects very highly, and nothing would induce me to part with them.

"And now, dear doctor, that I have made you acquainted with the secret I have so long kept, may I be permitted to use your name in corroboration of what you have heard and witnessed?"

"Certainly, and with great pleasure; here is my card." In handing Harry his business card, the doctor said: "If at any time you desire confirmation of the remarkable incident of the recovery of the Agnus Dei, I am at your disposal."

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In bringing to a close an account of a series of incidents so remarkable, and whose authenticity rests on such reliable testimony, he who has been chiefly concerned in these events can only say that they have left an impress on his life that can never be effaced.

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I have heard, but not believed, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such be, thy mother
Appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. —WINTER'S TALE.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep.
There are shades that will not vanish;
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.
—CORIOLANUS.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

[From THE ARENA, March, 1894.]

[In order properly to understand the incidents related in "A Remarkable Dream," and to avoid unnecessary repetition, a short explanation will be necessary. A clipping from the Fresno *Republican* containing "A Remarkable Dream" had been sent to the editor of THE ARENA; and the editor, deeming it worthy of a place in that magazine, asked the writer for further details. Further details were supplied; but as the clipping from the Fresno *Republican* and the communication sent later covered nearly the same ground, it was considered unnecessary to give both articles *in extenso*; therefore, the first one has been omitted. About the time of the occurrence of the dream, a burglar, in another part of the city of Chicago, lost a portion of his finger-nail while attempting robbery and murder. This is the circumstance referred to in the article below, and of which fuller details were given in the clipping. The remaining portions of the following story that are not within quotation marks are the comments of B. O. Fowler, editor of THE ARENA.—T. H. BATES.]

On December 6, 1894, I received a letter from a professional gentleman in Fresno, Cal., enclosing a clipping from the Fresno (Cal.) *Republican*

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of November 17. The writer stated that he could vouch for the truthfulness of Mr. Bates, as he had known him for some years to be a man of whose veracity, honesty and truthfulness were unquestioned. Later I received the following endorsements of Mr. Bates from prominent townsmen.

"This is to certify that we have known Mr. Thomas Bates for a number of years, and that his character for honesty, sobriety and integrity is first class.—THOMPSON & PRINCE, Attorneys-at-Law, Fresno, Cal., Dec. 15, 1894."

"Mr. Bates has been a resident of this city and an acquaintance of mine for some years. He is a man of integrity, sobriety and good character.—FRANK LANNING, Attorney-at-Law, Fresno, Cal."

In response to a letter of inquiry, I received the following communication, December 21, from Mr. Bates, giving additional details of a remarkable dream which occurred to him while residing in Chicago:

"The details of the article published in the *Daily Republican* at Fresno under the caption of

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"Realities of Dreams," Nov. 17, 1894, written by myself, occurred at No. 28 Cottage Grove Avenue, in the month of August, 1870. The building is yet standing, and was used at that time as a second-class hotel. The owner's name was Christopher Huber.

"It was about the hour of midnight when the burglar entered my room through the window. I seemed to be conscious of his coming, for when he entered the room I appeared to be *double;* that is, there were *two of me*—the sleeping one, whom I recognized as myself, and the one who awaited the coming of the burglar. I saw myself in deep slumber, and it all appeared to be quite natural that "the other one of me" should be free; yet the thought of looking at myself as a different body, and being outside of myself I could not comprehend, though, as I said, it seemed to be all right. I noted the breathing, the color of the skin and hair of my sleeping self, and knew that it was myself I was looking at; but how I got out of myself was a mystery.

"The burglar pushed one hand under the pil-

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low and withdrew my vest containing my watch and money, never removing his eyes from my sleeping face. To me his face was a wonderful study of malignity, fear and desperation—the eyes particularly, for I have never lost sight of the demon behind them. I followed the man down stairs, and saw him spring the night latch and pass into the street. Then I awoke; that is, my body did, and the other one of me that was watching all the time disappeared. My first concern was for my valuables, which were found as I had left them on retiring. But the dream had so impressed me that I conld not rid myself of its ominous character. I was convinced that there was truth behind it, and that the scene I had just witnessed in shadow pantomime was yet to be acted in reality.

"This was Thursday midnight, and the following Sunday morning my room was entered and my valuables were stolen while I was asleep. Here is an interval of fifty-six hours concerning incidents that are to be a part of my future life revealed to me in a picture of startling impressiveness, every detail of which I am led to believe

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was subsequently fulfilled. Upon what do I base the belief that the theft was consummated as revealed in the dream? By what followed—the recognition of the face I subsequently discovered, which I had seen only in my dream, and which proved to be that of a criminal who had almost assassinated a person about the time of my dream.

"The attempted murder and robbery occurred on Indiana Avenue, in the vicinity of Twenty-second Street, where Seeley—for that was the criminal's name, if my memory serves me correctly—lost a portion of his nail in contact with the hammer of the pistol. It might have been before or after the scene of which I write; of that I am not positive. But it was about that time, and I remember distinctly how the episode of the thumb nail struck me as being connected in some way with the face I had seen in my dream. Treat it ever so lightly, I could not divorce myself from the thought that I should meet my man face to face. The newspaper report of the robbery was very meagre, suppressed, I suppose, for police advantage, as is frequently done.

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How the man entered the house or how he was encountered or escaped, the back files of the newspapers could tell, but I suppose the great fire burned them all up. His name, I believe, was Robert Seeley, and his home Elmira, New York. He was awaiting trial during the great fire, and what was done with him I never knew.

And now for the recognition. Shortly after the affair of which I write, Lydia Thompson, the burlesque actress, with a troupe of female performers, appeared at the Grand Opera House, and Wilbur F. Story, then editor and proprietor of the *Times*, published some severe and bitter strictures on the performance, and on Miss Thompson in particular, to which she took exception and expressed her disapproval by cowhiding the editor on the public thoroughfare. This it was which took me to the old Armory Building police court to hear the trial, as Mr. Story had Miss Thompson arrested. The police judge's name was Milliken. The building was crowded with curious onlookers, drawn thither by the racy developments expected in a case of this character, no less than on account of the

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prominence of the individuals. Among the number was the man I sought, but of whose presence I was entirely oblivious till my eye rested on his evil countenance, when the recognition was as convincing as though spoken from the clouds. There was no mistaking my man; those eyes bore evidence of their owner's identity, and to discover the broken nail would be an additional corroboration. Not wishing to divert his attention from the proceedings or arouse his suspicion, I carelessly elbowed my way through the large concourse of people till I was by his side. Then I caught sight of the broken nail, and this determined my duty. Accordingly I notified the police officer, Captain Lull (since killed by the James and Younger outlaws in Missouri), and the criminal was arrested. Of course I knew it would be folly for me to base a charge on the strength of my evidence, as far as I was concerned. But the party with whom the burglar had the encounter was found, and identified the robber as the one with whom he had the affray. The chipped nail was in evidence and played its part; but the delays of the law, practiced by cunning lawyers, left it in the

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region of doubt, and I never knew what became of the man. Now the time between my dream and the meeting with him in the Armory Building was within the limit of sixty to ninety days. I am not exact as to time, but it was in that vicinity. THOMAS H. BATES."

It will be noticed that in both instances related above the mind shadowed forth what was to take place in the future, while in the case of Mr. Bates a pantomime was enacted over his sleeping body so weird that the recollection of the demoniacal face led to the arrest of a criminal. These illustrations, while inconclusive in themselves, and wanting in many particulars which the exact scientist or the mind trained properly to weigh evidences could desire, are valuable when taken with other similar experiences, many of which complement them by furnishing the evidential elements absent in these cases. As I have before stated, we are blazing a way through a forest as yet little traveled; the trees we mark will be of value to those who some day will build a noble highway. Our first concern is to obtain evidence and weigh and sift it.

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Next it is our duty to classify the phenomena which has stood the test of modern scientific methods. Many experiences are in and of themselves of small worth, but as corroborating others along the same line of research, or as adding to the sum of human experiences in a given domain, they possess a real value. As Hugo rightly says: "The mission of science is to study and sound everything. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. To abandon psychic phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
—RICHARD THIRD.

BATTLES FORETOLD IN DREAMS.

It has been remarked that of all humanity the soldier and sailor are the greatest dreamers. This is accounted for upon the theory that danger brings the brain to a greater tension than does any other influence. Some of these dreams related as having come to soldiers are of intense interest, and the verified ones are well worth

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telling and studying over, for they foretold actual occurrences and often influenced the action of greater men than the dreamers—in fact, they were the cause in many instances of averting catostrophe. Some of these occurred during the war between the North and South of this nation. Every soldier engaged in that war has at least one of these remarkable dreams to relate as being either his own or that of a comrade.

It was one week previous to the battle of Fair Oaks, says the New York *Times*, that a volunteer passed the night in a tent of a member of the Fifth Michigan Infantry, and when he arose in the morning he looked gloomy and downhearted. When rallied about his fancied homesickness, he said, in solemn tones:

"I have only one week to live. I had a dream last night that has settled the business for me and lots of others. A week from to-day a battle will be fought, and thousands will be killed. My regiment will lose more than 100 men, and I shall be killed while charging across the field."

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The men laughed at his moody spirit and his belief in a simple dream, but it was with a furious temper that he turned upon them, and, with blanched face and never-to-be-forgotten manner, continued:

"Your regiment will also be in that fight, and when the roll is called after the battle you will have nothing to be merry over, but, on the contrary, you will find subject for great sorrow and believe in my dream. The sergeants who were in this tent last night will be killed among the trees. I saw them lying there, dead, as plainly as I now see you. One will be shot in the breast and the other in the groin, and dead men will be thick around them."

The battle took place as predicted, just one week after that dream, and as the dreamer had declared, he was killed in full sight of every member of the Fifth before the fight was an hour old, within twenty minutes after the two sergeants and six of their comrades were dead in the woods exactly where the dreamer said they would be. More than fifty men bear witness to the truth of this statement.

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A short time before the battle of Cedar Creek a camp sentinel was off duty temporarily, and, trying to put in a little sleep, dreamed that he went out on a scout. His dream showed him that one mile to the right of the camp he came upon a barn, and as it began to rain just then, he sought shelter, but halted when he discovered, before entering, that the place was already occupied. After silent investigation he ascertained that two Confederate scouts had taken up their quarters in the place, and he cautiously moved away as silently as he had come. The sentinel awoke with such a vivid remembrance of the details of the dream that he asked permission to go over and confer with one of our scouts. When the barn was reached he located it at once, having passed it a dozen times before. The dreamer described the highway exactly as it was, giving every hill and turn, and the scout put faith in the remainder of the dream. He took four soldiers, one of whom was the dreamer, and set out for the place. Three Confederate scouts were found asleep in the straw of the barn, and were taken without the firing of a shot. This dream, with its results, was known

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to hundreds of Sheridan's cavalry, and it has been frequently alluded to in the reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On the night before the fight at Brandy Station, a trooper who slept on his horse, as cavalrymen were apt to do when exhausted, as he jogged along in the column, dreamed that a certain captain in his regiment would be unhorsed in a fight on the following day, and while rising from his fall would be wounded in the left knee. Everything in the dream was so clear to the dreamer that he seized the first opportunity to find the captain and relate the dream to him. But he was laughed at. The soldier had his revenge. In the very first charge on the following day this captain was unhorsed by the breaking of a girth, and pitched headlong into a patch of briers. As he struggled out a shell killed his horse and one of the flying pieces of iron smashed the captain's leg to a bloody pulp. He is now a resident of Ohio, and his wooden leg is evidence that dreams sometimes come true.

It frequently happens in engagements during a war that the fun is not always on one side.

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Much depends upon the amount of powder, shot and shell in the magazine, and the side having the most of these generally has the most fun. It was when General McClellan was besieging Yorktown that the Confederates had plenty of the munitions of war, including shot and shell, and sent them out with murderous intent. One morning a Michigan man, who was in the trenches, walked back to a spot on which three officers were eating their breakfast, and warned them that they were in great peril. On the night previous he had dreamed that he looked at his watch and marked that it was 6:45 o'clock when a shell hit the ground and tore up the earth in a terrible way. It lacked twenty minutes of seven o'clock when he spoke to the officers, and he besought them to leave the spot at once.

His earnest manner induced them to comply, and they had just reached cover when a Confederate shell struck the earth where they had been grouped, and made an excavation into which a horse could have been rolled and much room to spare.

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Three days before the affair at Kelly's Ford a corporal in the Sixth Michigan Cavalry dreamed that his brother, who was sergeant in another company, would have his horse killed in an action, and would almost immediately mount a dark bay horse with a white nose. Within five minutes both rider and horse would be killed, according to the dream. The dream was related to a score of comrades two days before the fight. Early in the action the horse was struck fairly in the forehead by a bullet and dropped dead in his tracks. It was scarcely three minutes before a bay horse with a white nose, carrying a blood-stained saddle, galloped up to the sergeant and halted. He remembered the dream and refused to mount the animal. Soon after he picked up a black horse. The white-nosed horse was mounted by a second corporal in another regiment, and horse and rider were torn to fragments in sight of four companies of the Sixth. These things may seem very foolish now, but there was a time when a soldier's dream saved General Kilpatrick's life, when a dream changed General Custer's plans for three days, and when a dream gave General Sheridan more actual knowledge of Early's forces than all the scouts could do.

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